

HEAVEN FOR SMALL TOWN FOLKS

By Ed Sullivan

Silver Screen★

February



Bette Davis

NELSON EDDY—FUGITIVE FROM ROMANCE



S-11



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*What is so lonely
Sir or Madam,
As Eden without
An Eve or Adam?*

THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold

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Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA



Edward Everett Horton

DEAR BOSS:

Ever since I have been in Hollywood I have longed in my greedy little way to be invited to one of Edward Everett Horton's parties. Eddie of the smug, pleased face, whose own particular brand of comedy makes bad pictures good, and good pictures better, is *the* party-thrasher of Hollywood. Compared with him the Countess di Frasso and the Basil Rathbones are small time. Every time Eddie finishes a picture he throws a party, and as he is the most in-demand comedian in Hollywood he is constantly finishing pictures. Belly-Acres is just one merry gathering after another, with Eddie the pleased-as-punch host. "I always enjoy my own parties," says Eddie. "Isn't it awful! But I do."

Eddie called his estate Belly-Acres for the very obvious reason that it is built from laughs. And the next time you go Ha-Ha-Ha over one of Mr. Horton's antics, it may please you to know that you are helping out with the new East Wing.

When Eddie, originally a Brooklyn Boy, first bought the knoll and surrounding acreage out in the Valley near Encino he built a garage, and he and his charming mother lived in the garage along with a second hand car. But, today, the original garage is a pleasant living room in a nest of heavenly rooms, so divinely furnished that they fairly take your breath away. There are Duncan Phyfe pieces, Chippendale, needle-point, old china, hooked rugs, convex mirrors, Colonial four-posters, a chandelier from an ante-bellum mansion in New Orleans, a huge painting from the old Palmer House in Chicago, and in every room big fireplaces with burning logs.

The night I was there—he was celebrating the finish of his role in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—his guests included Claudette Colbert, looking very *femme fatale*, and Gary Cooper and Brian Aherne and David Niven and Ernst Lubitsch and Eve Arden, and Peggy Conklin and Gavin Gordon and Billie Burke, and about twenty people I didn't know gathered about the festive board. And I mean festive board. Eddie has the biggest dining room table in captivity—no silly little card tables with buffet suppers at Belly-Acres.

Next week it's a party for "College Swing"—with a Russian Male Choir in the drawing room. Eddie, remember me?

Liza

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Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . “Some day I’ll wear ermine,” she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!



Jessie toils to keep their “three-room heaven” . . . while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!



“I’ve only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and pent-house don’t interest me!”

JOAN CRAWFORD SPENCER TRACY

IN

MannEquin

WITH

ALAN CURTIS • RALPH MORGAN

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

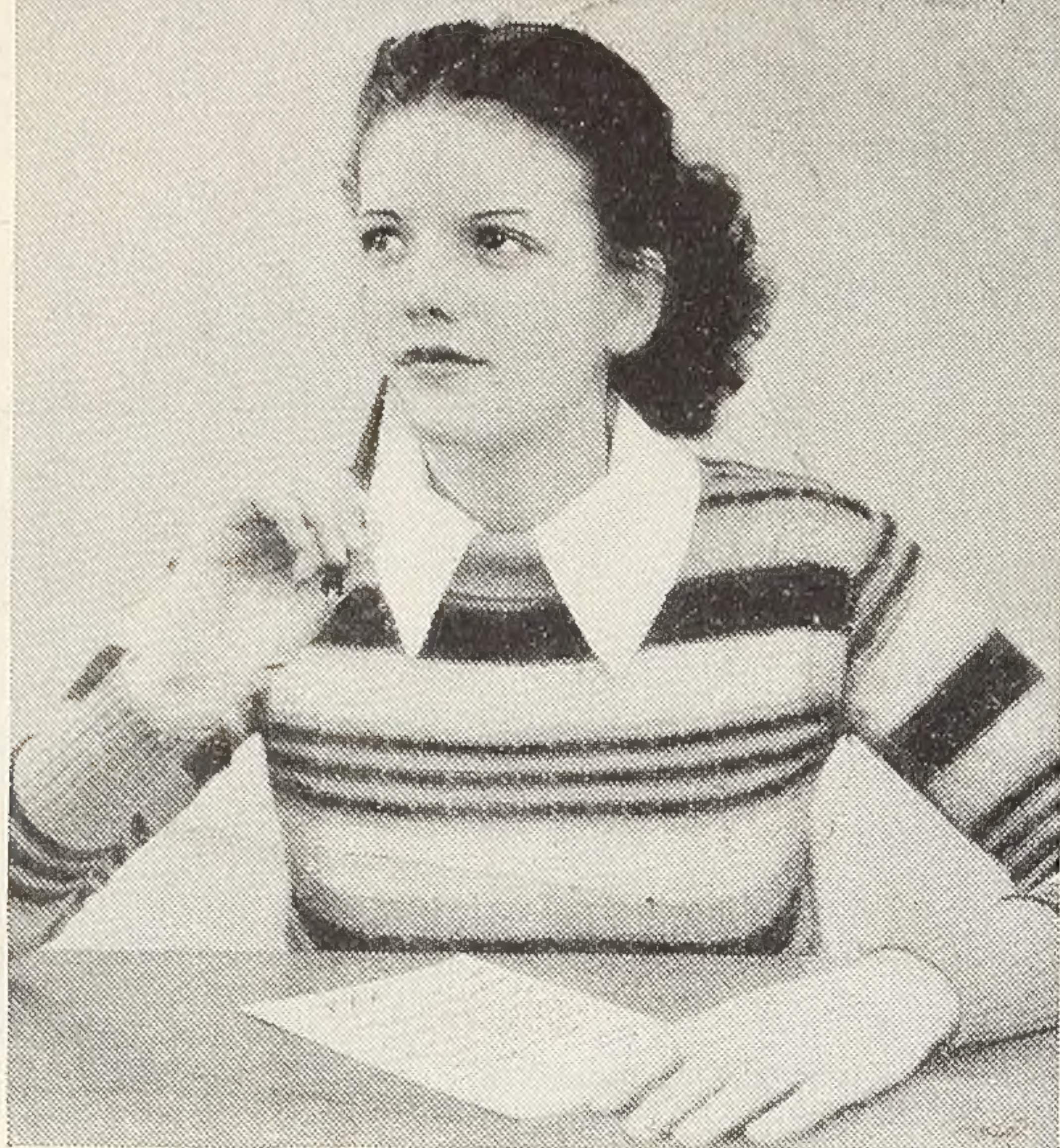
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz



SILVER SCREEN

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Tips On Pictures



Edward Arnold is trying to convince Shirley Ross that things are pretty serious, in this scene from "Blossoms on Broadway."

ADVENTUROUS BLONDE, THE—Fair. Another full-length episode in the Torchy Blane series of mystery yarns, with the wise-cracking, up-and-coming newspaper reporter played by Glenda Farrell, and Barton MacLane cast again as Steve, the rival reporter who never finds enough time to marry her.

ADVENTURE'S END—Exciting. John Wayne is the husky hero of this story starting in the South Sea Islands and switching to a whaling vessel owned by Montague Love, whose daughter, Diana Gibson, John marries after a series of ship-board wrangles and brawls that will please people who like lots of action.

BEG, BORROW OR STEEL—Amusing. A diverting little comedy with the locale the fashionable French Riviera, and the principle protagonist Frank Morgan, a jolly American ex-patriot who lives by his wits until the dismaying arrival of his long-separated spouse, his daughter and her fiancé. (Janet Beecher, Florence Rice, John Beal.)

BIG TOWN GIRL—Fine. This is a very deftly combined story, having several dramatic plots and counter-plots in all of which Claire Trevor ably acquits herself as the heroine who has considerable emotional fire, as well as an ability to sing effectively. (Alan Dinehart, Alan Baxter, Donald Woods.)

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Good. A melodrama with incidental music—or maybe it's just the other way round—with Edward Arnold, who does some fine trouping in spite of being somewhat miscast, and Shirley Ross, Wm. Frawley, John Trent, Weber & Fields, etc.

BOY OF THE STREETS—Good. Although this is not a carbon copy of "Dead End," the theme has to do with a gang of roughneck boys who congregate in one of the tougher areas of New York's east side. Jackie Cooper (practically grownup now) plays the role of the boy who will not let his environment get him down.

CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO—Fine. One of the most enjoyable of the Charlie Chan pictures, and that's saying a lot. Taking place as it does at one of the most famous gambling casinos in the world, the atmosphere is colorful and lively. (Warner Oland, Keye Luke, Virginia Field, Sidney Blackmer.)

COUNTY FAIR—Fair. A folksy sort of tale about a farm boy who owns a grand racehorse. It is not until an up-and-coming young jockey rides the horse to victory that the domestic discord that surrounds the boy, his sister and his father, is lifted. (J. Farrell MacDonald, John Arledge, Jimmy Butler, Mary Lou Lender.)

DUKE COMES BACK—Fair. A prizefight yarn with one of the usual rousing ring climaxes. It bears a faint resemblance to the Gene Tunney-society girl match of some few years ago, with the leading roles played by a chap called Allan James, Heather Angel and Genevieve Tobin.

HURRICANE, THE—Excellent. A tense, moving drama of the South Seas that will hold you spellbound, especially during those moments when the storm is raging magnificently, practically shattering everything and everybody in its wake. (Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey.)

LARGER THAN LIFE—Good. Audiences who like to be entertained with filmfare that makes no effort to be subtle and super-sophisticated will

enjoy this story of a modern Caspar Milquetoast, portrayed to perfection by Frank McHugh. (Berton Churchill, Jane Wyman, Cora Witherspoon.)

LAST GANGSTER, THE—Fine. The name of Edward G. Robinson is synonymous with the underworld, so far as films are concerned, and this characterization of his, faintly reminiscent of the life of Al Capone, makes brisk melodrama with a slight tincture of good old-fashioned sentiment. It is expertly produced and superbly performed. (Rose Stradner-James Stewart.)

MISSING WITNESS—Interesting. Of late years most of the big city rackets have been exposed in the films, and this one adds another to the long list, dealing as it does with phoney collectors for "protective associations" apparently run by gangsters. (John Littel, Jean Dale, Dick Purcell.)

PAID TO DANCE—Fair. On dual bills this will prove satisfactory film fare. It has to do with the dance-hall hostess racket, and includes a couple of first-class murders and mysterious disappearances. In the cast are Thurston Hall (he deserves better), Jacqueline Wells and Don Terry.

PORTIA ON TRIAL—Good. Faith Baldwin wrote this story, which might have been more interesting if it had not been sort of second cousin to the old familiar Madame X theme. Frieda Inescourt, Walter Abel, Heather Angel.

RAT, THE—Good. An English picture starring our own Ruth Chatterton (she of the drawing-room dramas) with Anton Walbrook. The locale is Paris and the Rat is an irresistible apache whom the ladies can't resist. He takes the rap when his protegee commits a murder but Ruth, who loves him, creates an alibi for him.

SH! THE OCTOPUS—Fair. This is a mad and somewhat merry affair designed as a frolic for the comedy-talents of funny-faced Hugh Herbert and the more serious looking Allen Jenkins. Scientific "detecting" has much to do with the goofy plot. (Marcia Ralston.)

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY—Fine. Horse-racing is the theme, but the interesting part of this film is the beautiful friendship enjoyed by three kids—Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and the new youngster, Ronald Sinclair. The adult roles are more than capably played by Sophie Tucker, C. Aubrey Smith, Frankie Darro, etc.

SWING IT, PROFESSOR—Fairly amusing. Wherein an ex-college professor, just an innocent simpleton in the person of Pinky Tomlin, adventures into the underworld for a brief period and becomes the big shot of a night club gangster mob. The music and lyrics add a pleasant touch. (Paula Stone, Mary Kornman.)

YOUNG AND INNOCENT—Fine. A British film which serves as the first starring vehicle for Nova Pilbeam, remembered for her charming performance in "Little Friend." In this Nova, now a girl of 18, proves the innocence of a romantic stranger accused of murder. Cast includes Derrick de Marney, who has "it," and the old-timer, Percy Marmont. Remember him?

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

THE HURRICANE

THE EMBRACE of lovers... their wild flight from an avenging law through the awesome beauty of a South Sea paradise... Perilous escape that reaches its climax as the roaring hurricane descends upon them in all its thundering fury!

In "The Hurricane" the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have contributed another stirring tale of love and adventure. In cost of production, in the two years of effort, in the fond care with which it was produced, it proudly carries on the Samuel Goldwyn tradition... truly a *must-be-seen* picture.



Samuel Goldwyn has endowed "THE HURRICANE" with a magnificent cast of thousands, including Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine and Jerome Cowan. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screenplay by Dudley Nichols.

Released thru United Artists



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The Busy Studios Of
Hollywood Are Now
Making The Pictures
You Will See In
The Spring.



Bonita Granville and Connie Bennett are filled with consternation in "Merrily We Live."

The silver has been pinched or purloined by predatory persons, thus providing the plot.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

TODAY I'm starting my monthly trip to the working picture crews and I trust you are coming along with me. Anyhow, I first wander in to—

M-G-M

THE first picture I see out here is "Merrily We Live" being made by Hal Roach for M-G-M release. This stars Constance Bennett, with Billie Burke, Tom Brown, Alan Mowbray, Patsy Kelly, Bonita Granville and Brian Aherne prominent in the cast. Mr. A is not working today. He is sunning himself at Palm Springs and it would be all right with me if he remained there until after the picture is finished.

This is another of those screwball stories. Billie Burke is the mother of the family and Clarence Kolb is the father. Constance, Bonita and Tom are the children who scrap their way through seven reels. They're all seated about the breakfast table as Billie enters. She is an extraordinarily young mother, lovely and exquisitely dainty. She has on a filmy pink negligee. She crosses to the aquarium where she greets her fish.

"Good morning, my little fishie-wishies," she carols.

"Good morning, mother," her family carols in return.

"Good morning, my dears," she replies cheerily as though seeing them for the first time.

"And youse shall hear of the midnight rides of Pauls Revere," Bonita jibes, bursting with the news she has to impart.

"Oh, Marian," Billie trills, "you are so clever. Lovely morning. So bright. So cheerful."

"So what?" Tom mocks her inflection.

"Kane," Billie giggles to him, "you are a card."

"Mother, do sit down and have your breakfast," Connie urges her, "before your comical children give you indigestion and me a pain in the solar-plexus," she finishes

sarcastically, shooting Tom and Bonita a venomous look.

"Here we are," Billie flutters, "and it's another beautiful morning. It's Spring again. I wonder if you've all noticed it. When

a family has so many blessings, I think there is always the danger of taking things for granted." She picks up a large wooden ladle and starts digging into her melon with it.

Meanwhile Mowbray has entered with a large platter on which some scrambled eggs are piled up. As Billie notices the ladle she is trying to eat with, she turns to Alan cheerfully. "Grosvenor, don't you think this spoon is a little large for such a tiny melon?"

"I'm sorry, madam," Alan begins, grievously embarrassed but Billie doesn't wait for him to finish. She turns to Connie again.

"You know, darling, every night when I go to bed I search myself."

"Did you ever find anything?" Bonita cuts in.

"Be quiet!" Connie orders her and adds, "Stop squirming!"

"And so every night as I lay down," Billie continues, "I ask myself, 'Emily Kilbourne—that's my name, you know—have you counted your blessings, or are you just taking them for granted?'"

"Mother, dear, there's something I must tell you," Connie interrupts.

"Do, do—oh, please do," Billie urges her. "By all means, do!"

"It's about Ambrose, mother," Connie continues.

"Ambrose, dear Ambrose," Billie beams, turning to her husband, Mr. Kolb. "Henry, I wish you would stop at the bookstore today and get me a copy of Dr. Gillis' new book for Ambrose. It's called"—she turns to Bonita who is fidgeting again—"STOP SQUIRMING."

"What a name for a book," Bonita mutters.

"Grosvenor," Billie rattles along, address-

GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...

A BLONDE?

A BRUNETTE?

SURE, if she is
MAE WEST
in
"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"

A Paramount Picture with
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CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
CHARLES WINNINGER
WALTER CATLETT
LLOYD NOLAN
HERMAN BING
CHESTER CONKLIN
and
LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Screen play by Mae West
 An Emanuel Cohen Production
 Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hail and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and

glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.

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for
Mrs. Ruff!



TELEGRAM

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A scene from "Shanghai Deadline." Keye Luke bends over George Sanders, who lies helpless in the lap of Dolores Del Rio.

ing Mowbray, "I want to see Ambrose the minute I finish my breakfast. Will you tell him? I have such high hopes for Ambrose. I have given sanctuary to many a fallen man, but not one I have ever worked with has given me such quick response. Why, Henry, do you know—only yesterday he finished reading Dr. Gillis' 'Seek And Ye Shall Find'?"

"He certainly took his literature seriously," Kolb comments sourly.

"Oh, Henry, you're so funny," Billie gives a prop laugh and then she thinks it over. "No—that *isn't* funny. I wonder why I thought it was?"

Well, it seems Ambrose was a fallen man whom Billie took in and during the night he has absconded with all the silver, including the kitchen silver and that's why they're eating with wooden ladles, egg beaters, cocktail strainers, etc.

As they prepare to take the scene again Billie glances at her wooden spoon. "I don't think this is so terribly large for me to be making such a fuss about," she remarks to Norman McLeod, the director. "Everyone took all the funny things before I came on the set," she adds ruefully.

"You could use your egg beater to stir your coffee with," Bonita suggests helpfully.

Originally Mowbray was supposed to be passing an omelet but Connie got a whiff of it and thought the eggs were not Grade A, so she had her maid scramble a lot of eggs on the stage.

"I don't blame you," Mowbray encourages her. "This thing—pointing to the omelet—looks like a murder accident."

"I don't think I'm even speaking to you," Connie turns on me. "You never come to see me any more."

"I don't even know where you live now," I protest.

"A fine excuse," she scoffs. You can't argue with a Bennett.

And so we come to M-G-M's super-super-special. Years ago David Belasco wrote this play for one of the finest actresses this country has ever known—Blanche Bates. And still later Puccini wrote a score to it and made an opera of it for Caruso and Geraldine Farrar. Now Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are making a movie of it and I'm sure by the time it reaches

the screen Mr. Puccini's lovely music will have been discarded in favor of some jingly froth by Herbert Stothart and there will be no more of Belasco's story than there was of "The Firefly" and "Maytime" when we saw them.

Anyhow, this scene is a combination bar and gambling hell of the old west. Walter Pidgeon is sitting way off at one end playing solitaire. He has his pistol lying on the table beside him. Suddenly Miss MacDonald, in a cowgirl's outfit, with a Stetson hat on her head, cowhide boots on and a holster and pistol slung round her hips, comes striding down the aisle to Pidge. She pauses at his table, puts one foot up on a chair and leans toward him.

"Listen here, you trigger-pulling sheriff, what's the idea comin' in heah an' killin' off mah customers?" she demands.

"Well, I—" he begins.

"What'd you break mah rules foah?" she goes on furiously.

"Well, I caught him cheating at the cards and when I called him on it he tried to beat me to the draw," Walt explains.

"Waal, Ah cain't blame yuh for callin' him," she concedes. "Cheatin' shuah is out side mah corral. But," firmly, "Ah aim to run the poker mah way an' Ah ain'ta gonna have you or any other sagebrush cat-wampus makin' a shootin' gallery outa mah place. Put yoah jack up on the queen. I doan' mind yoah fightin' in heah but just you do yoah shootin' outside. Whut you got yoah gun out now foah? Scared of cheatin' yoahself?"

There ought to be some way of putting Miss MacDonald's accent in a museum for posterity. I have never heard anything like it on land or sea. But she sure looks pretty and I'm sure whatever they give her to sing, she'll sing to the nth degree. And, as someone once remarked, we can't have everything.

Next is "Return of Arsene Lupin." This features Virginia Bruce, Warren William and Melvyn Douglas. William plays a retired G-man who is employed by an insurance company to guard a \$250,000 emerald owned by John Halliday. He goes with Halliday and his daughter (Virginia) to Paris. Upon their arrival in Paris, William is introduced to Rene Farrand (Douglas) a

retired country gentleman who is also interested in Virginia. And if you could see Virginia as she looks today in a white crepe evening gown with a single large brilliant buckle at her shoulder, you wouldn't blame either of them. You'd only envy them.

Both men are showing off, each trying to out-do the other. Douglas does a card trick. Then William tears a telephone directory in two. Then Douglas does a trick with a coin. As he finishes, he remarks, "That should definitely make it my dance."

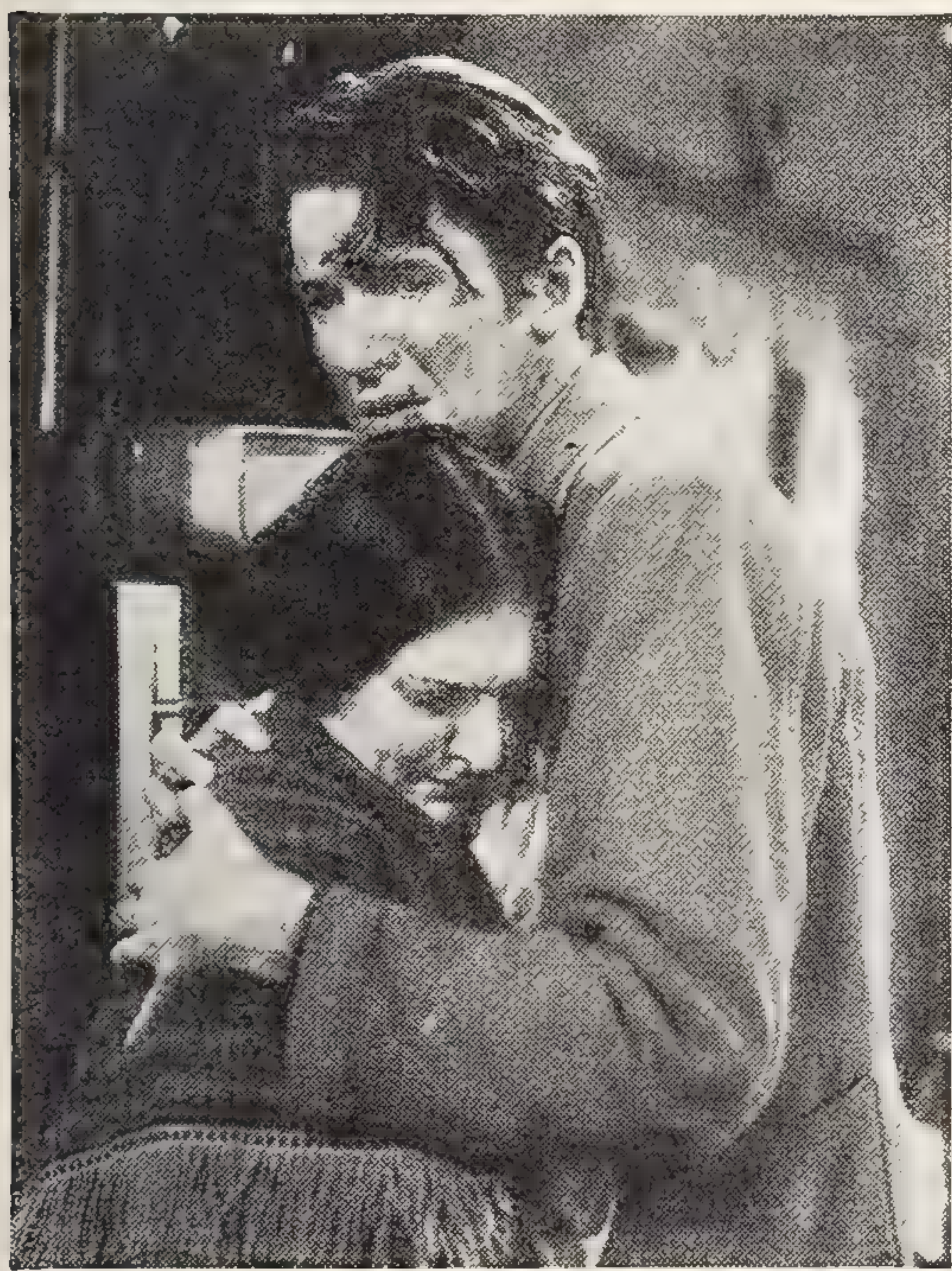
"Each of you is supreme in his own field—which *isn't* dancing," Virginia observes judiciously.

Just then there is a terrific scuffle outside the French window. A minute later a watchman hauls a tough-looking individual into the room. You may think the thief is about to be caught (did I tell you the emerald was stolen?) but this guy is only a petty racketeer. A couple of people have to be killed and there are some surprise twists and turns to be unfolded before the fade-out. But, at the end, there is Virginia waiting for the lucky man, which should make the rest of the picture worthwhile.

From the excitement of *Arsene Lupin* and the beauty of Virginia to the sordidness of a small town where the congregation haggle with the minister over his meagre salary and the minister has trouble with his son, is a long leap. But we make it simply by moving from one stage to another where "Benefits Forgot," starring Walter Huston, James Stewart and Beulah Bondi, is shooting.

Huston, as the preacher, has lived for years in this small town with his wife, Miss Bondi, and his son, Stewart. Jim has grown from boyhood to manhood here but he has always resented having to wear the cast-off clothes of the parishioners which are given his family as part of his father's pay. Once he and his father are out when a woman gives him a patched coat. He waits until she is out of sight and then furiously throws it down. Huston orders him to pick it up and put it on. When Jim refuses there is a fight between father and son and Jim gets a sound thrashing. It is Sunday and he stumbles home.

Beulah is standing before the sideboard putting the finishing touches to her toilette. There is something pathetic in the way she smooths and pats her faded hair and arranges her well-worn dress. She turns quickly as Jim enters.



James Stewart has a strong part in "Benefits Forgot." A scene with Beulah Bondi, who plays the role of his mother.

Envy the old-time Tahitian

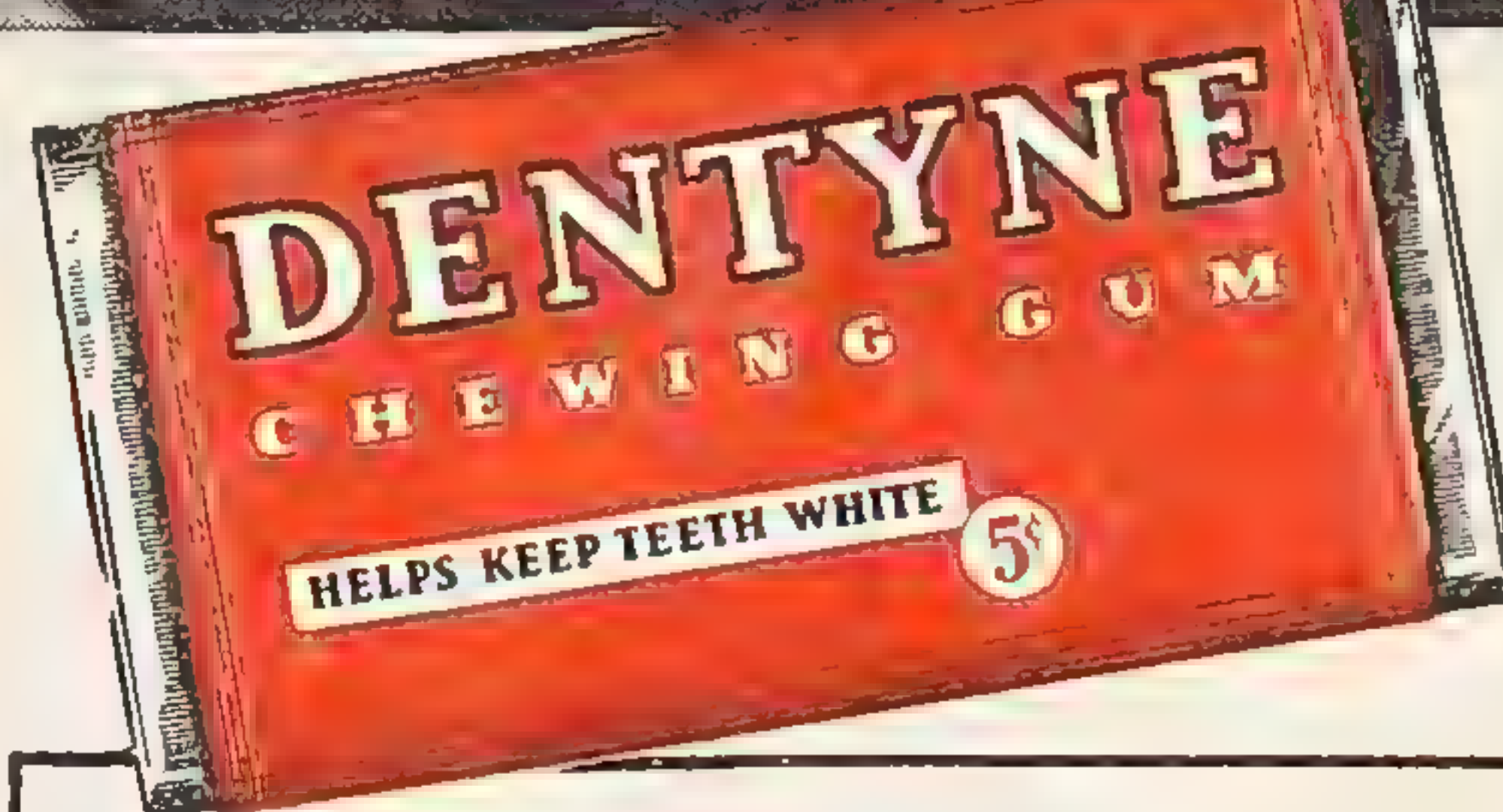
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Jimmie Durante, Fred Allen and Louise Hovick go dramatic for this sequence of the musical, "Sally, Irene and Mary."

"Jason!" she exclaims in astonishment at his appearance.

"Hello, mom," he answers shortly.

"Why aren't you with your father?" she asks but he avoids her gaze. "What happened, dear?" she persists and then has a moment of fright. "Has anything happened to—to—"

"No, he's all right," Jim mutters, impatiently.

"Go wash your face, dear," she continues more gently. "It's nearly time for meeting."

And then Jim whirls and faces her squarely, showing his face cut and bleeding from the fight with his father. "What's on my face—you can't wash off!" he cries.

"You've been fighting," she ejaculates, looking at him closely, and then, as he nods sullenly, "With whom?"

"Pop!"

"You—fought—with your father!" she gasps. He nods. For a moment they stare at each other aghast. Then, suddenly, all the sordidness of the years rolls over her—the frustration of her life seeps into her veins and permeates her. She has sacrificed everything. And for what? To have it end in a fight between her husband and son. She totters to a chair and collapses, sobs wracking her body. And, as she sobs, the sound of the church bell in the distance, comes softly over the scene.

There is much more to this scene. I wish I had space to give it to you in its entirety for I have seldom witnessed more gripping, heart-rending acting. As these two play this scene they reach in and tear the heart right out of you. Nor was I the only one on the set affected. Props, grips and electricians were furtively wiping their eyes.

After this I need a few moments in which to pull myself together. So I leave M-G-M and proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

FOUR pictures going here but I have already told you about "Happy Ending." The others, "Sally, Irene and Mary" (with Alice Faye, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver, Fred Allen, Louise Hovick, Tony Martin, Gregory Ratoff and Jimmie Durante in the leads), "Shanghai Deadline" (with George Sanders and June Lang) and "Love On A Budget" (the Jones Family) are all shooting.

The only principals working on the first named are Gregory Ratoff and Fred Allen.

Ratoff is a wealthy, eccentric nobleman and Allen is the manager of the three girls. He promises them the world but the best he has been able to do is get them jobs in a manicure shop. Once Ratoff gets Alice to sing for him and Allen comes in during the song, immediately announcing a salary adjustment must be made since the girls are entertaining as well as manicuring. Since it's all Ratoff's fault, one word leads to another and Ratoff sets on Allen with his cane, reducing the joint to a shambles in the course of the fight. A short time later Allen is dispossessed from his office for non-payment of rent. As he sits on the sidewalk among his furniture Ratoff spies him and immediately starts in pursuit. Allen, thinking Greg is after him with the cane again, flees with Ratoff in hot pursuit. There being no other way out, Allen shins up a light pole, with Greg standing at his feet, arms outstretched.

"Wait! Wait!" Greg implores.

"This is private property," Allen warns him as he clings to the light pole. "If you come up here you're trespassing."

"Mr. Amalgamated, please!" Greg declaims. "You are looking on a man who is sufferink sawmthink sansayshunal! I cannot eatink. I cannot sleepink. I can only drinkink. Und for vy?"

"I give up," Allen answers, slightly bewildered. "Why?"

"For luff!" sighs Mr. Ratoff, his mind's eye on Alice.

The only thing funny about this scene to me is Ratoff's dialect—but that's enough. I never expect to see anyone funnier in a picture than Gregory.

The next picture, "Shanghai Deadline," is designed for half of a dual bill so I suppose there is no use giving you *all* the plot and dialogue. Suffice it to say that June Lang has won a newspaper contest in her home town of Sacramento, Calif., and been rewarded with a trip to the Orient. The scene I witness is where she scrapes up an acquaintance with George Sanders aboard ship. But one thing in the dialogue sticks with me. She gushes over his being "a soldier of fortune."

"My dear young lady," he explains patiently, "that is merely a romantic term for an unemployed vagabond."

I don't know George and I don't know
[Continued on page 80]



SILVER

Topics For
Gossips

SCREEN



EDGAR KENNEDY was rendered speechless when a green young girl player, after finding that her studio was not taking up her option, rushed over to him and all breathless, said: "I've got something on somebody—whom do I tell it to?"

SPEAKING of mustaches, you have no idea how important that bit of lip adornment is to the leading men of the cinema. The preview cards which were mailed in by the San Francisco fans, after the "sneak" preview of "True Confession" there, had far more to say about Fred MacMurray's mustache than about the picture itself. And ever since Tony Martin wore a mustache in "Ali Baba Goes to Town" they will tell you at the studio that his fan mail has practically tripled.

The other day Tony was having a pleasant game of golf out at Lakeside when he was called to the phone and informed that Darryl Zanuck wished to see him at once. "What have I done now," poor Tony groaned, trying to think over all his sins. Maybe they had decided he wasn't any good, and wanted to break his contract.

He was almost a nervous wreck by the time he had dashed into Mr. Zanuck's office. "Mr. Zanuck isn't here," the secretary told him. "But he left you this message." Frantically, and convinced of the worst, Tony tore open the envelop and read, "Dear Mr. Martin, please grow a mustache. Darryl Zanuck."

AND speaking of preview cards Carole Lombard, who is one movie star, at least, who can laugh at herself, is splitting her sides over one of the cards which was received by the studio after the preview of "True Confession." Where it says: What did you think of the picture? the fan had written, "I didn't like 'My Man Godfrey' either."

THOUGH everyone predicted fine and fancy feuds when the French star Annabella was brought to the same studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, where Simone Simon is starred, it seems that Hollywood is to be cheated this time out of one of its favorite sports.

Maybe she was being nice—or maybe she was being smart—but, anyway, the moment Annabella arrived on the lot Simone called on her (they had met only once before in France), and then proceeded to take her house hunting.

When Annabella had leased the home of Director John Cromwell, Simone, knowing all about those Hollywood servant problems, sent over her own staff to take charge of Annabella's household. The two shop together and lunch together, and Annabella has asked for, and received, a dressing room adjoining Simone's in the Star's Building.

ANN SOTHERN was greatly amused the other day when she received a letter from her eighty-three year old grandmother. "Ann dear," wrote grandma, "I liked your

last picture very much, but why do you insist upon standing so near the camera?"

And Arthur Treacher has discovered that his severest critic is a nephew in Paris to whom he sends a monthly check. The nephew recently wrote Mr. Treacher that he had finally gotten around to seeing one of his pictures, and he didn't think he was funny at all. To which Treacher replied, "Enclosed you will find a check for one dollar. The rest of your remittance will go towards dramatic lessons for myself."

WHEN Jane Withers presented her school teacher with a kitten for the latter's birthday, Miss Lola Figland thanked her and inquired what breed it was. Replied Jane, very seriously: "It's a pure, perfect alley cat."

MARLENE DIETRICH forgot all her poise and laconic dignity at the Basil Rathbone party and danced the Big Apple with Bill Haines, and they do say that it is the best Big Apple they've ever had in Hollywood.

THE antique maniacs of America look with envious eye upon Maureen O'Sullivan's collection which she recently brought back from Europe. When she wasn't emoting with Robert Taylor at the London studio she was prowling around the countryside gathering up gadgets.

The pride and joy of her loot is an antique key to an old wine cellar which she is having mounted to serve as a knocker for her front door.

JUST when we had decided that humanity, along with the stock market, was reaching for a new low, we are told this story about Sonja Henie, which her friends swear is true. A jeweler, it seems, was showing an array of diamond bracelets to Sonja on the "Happy Landing" set.

Sonja chose one she liked particularly, but before she purchased it she called the wardrobe girl, Marguerite Royce, to ask her opinion. The girl raved so excitedly over its beauty that Sonja bought it, presented it to her, and then told the jeweler that she was sorry she couldn't afford another for herself. Marguerite, it goes without saying, is the most dazedly happy girl in Hollywood.

OUR favorite kiddie story of the month has to do with Shirley Temple. A youthful Providence, Rhode Island, admirer of Shirley long-distanced the dimpled star. The call was put through to the "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" set while Shirley was in the midst of a scene.

The take finished, Shirley rushed to the telephone, thrilled at the idea of talking to someone miles away, but the operator announced the call had been cancelled. Shirley climbed ruefully down from the stool, and then a thought struck her. Turning to her mother she laughed and remarked: "I'll bet her Mama came home earlier than she thought she would."



(Top to bottom) Ann Sothern, Fred MacMurray, Jane Withers and Simone Simon. It would make them happy if they knew you discussed them.



Arthur Treacher. How would you like to be his butler?

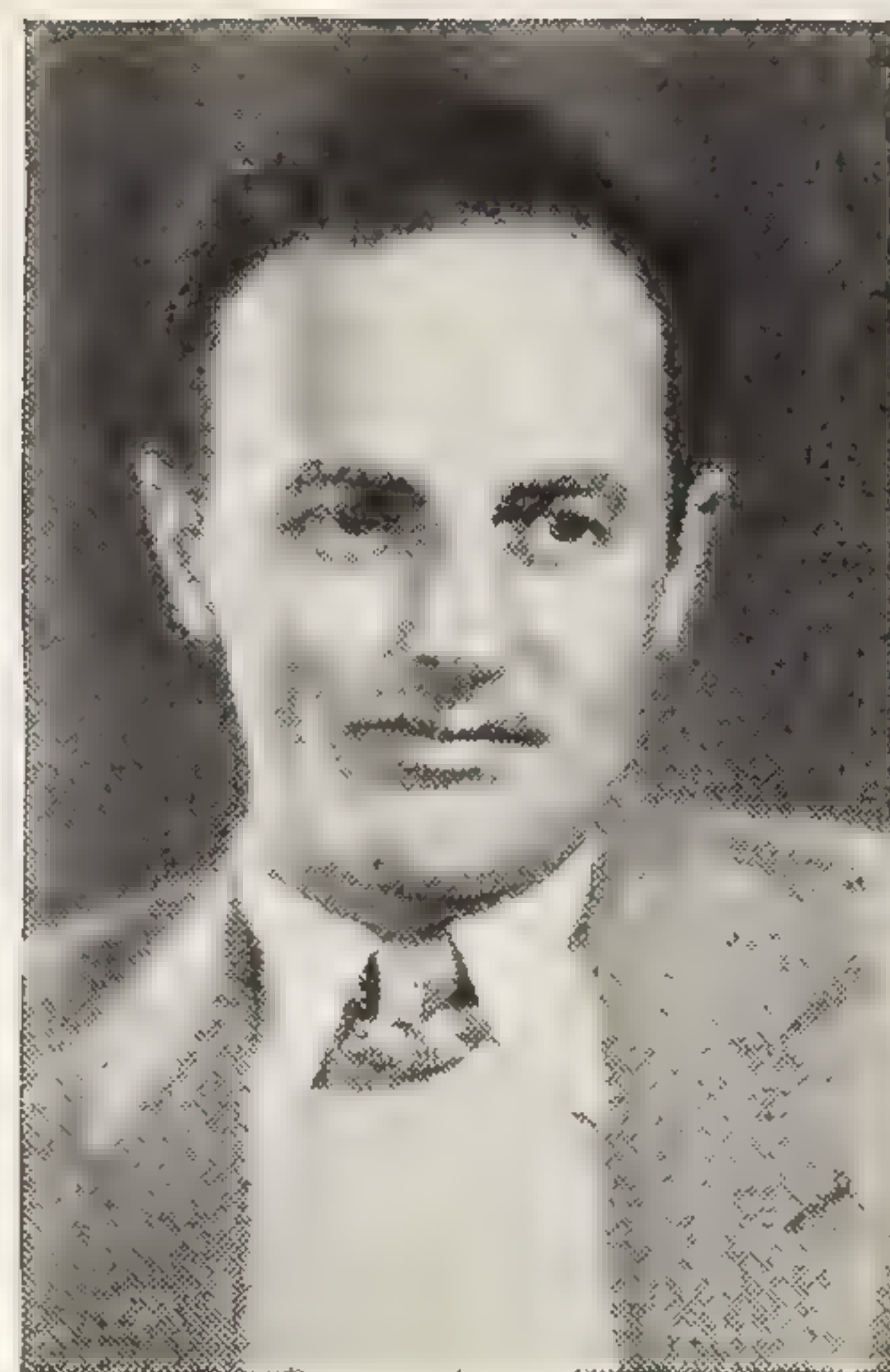
(Top to bottom) Maureen O'Sullivan, Edgar Kennedy, Annabella and Tony Martin. Their ears must burn!

HOLLYWOOD

Is

HEAVEN FOR SMALL TOWN

(Left to right)
Eddie Mannix,
Darryl Zanuck
and Robert Mont-
gomery. Big shots
now, but it hasn't
spoiled them.



Dunne went to school in Louisville, Kentucky; Myrna Loy got her freckles as a kid in Helena, Montana, which also produced Gary Cooper; Fred Astaire is from Omaha,

and Gladys Swarthout comes from Deep Water, Mo.

With perspective restored, I started out to cover Hollywood for the Chicago Tribune Syndicate. But, unconsciously, I was hoping that I'd encounter ridiculous things to jeer at, in the sophisticated manner. The opportunity was not long

in arriving. Darryl Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production of 20th Century-Fox pictures, acceded to my request that he permit me to watch him "cut" one of his big pictures, "In Old Chicago." Zanuck, the Wahoo, Nebraska boy who made good, is supposed to be the best "cutter" in the business, his shrewd elimination of scenes supplying pace and punch. There were perhaps fifteen of us in the small projection room when he went to work at 9 p.m. The picture was projected one reel at a time, and when the reel ended, Zanuck would trim a shot here, discard fifty feet there. The tightening-up process was interesting. One reel succeeded another, each one being subjected to the blue-pencilling that a managing editor might impose on a reporter's story.

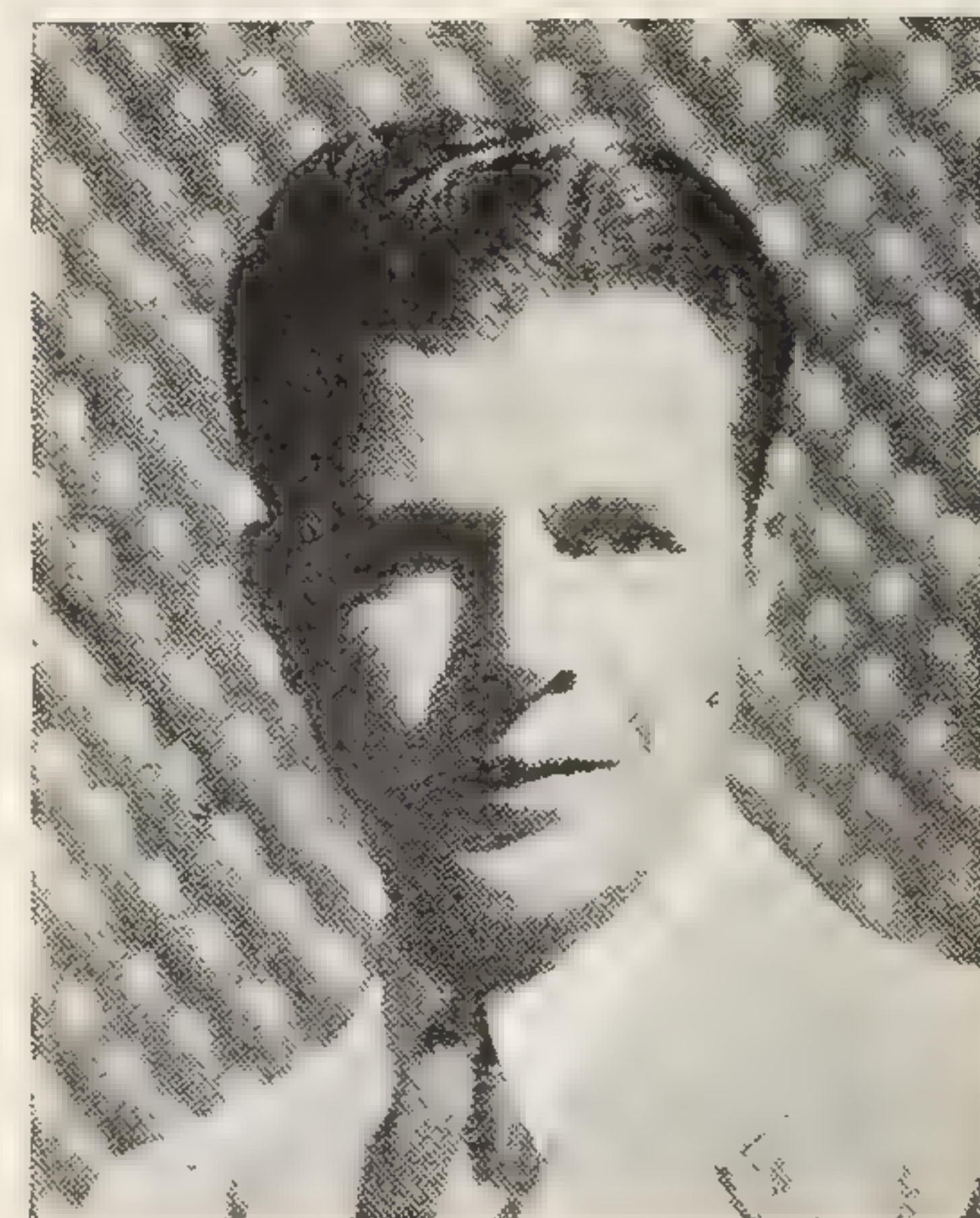
After the fourth reel, they sent out for soft drinks. Fidel La Barba, former world's flyweight champion, now employed by Zanuck, attended to this and served the drinks. As he removed the metal caps from the bottles, La Barba pocketed them, and when he had finished serving the drinks, the former ring champion started dropping the metal caps on the floor, a space of a few feet between each one.

Curiously I observed this procedure, wondering what it presaged. I hadn't long to wait. Zanuck, with a walking stick in his hand, arose from his chair and started pacing up and down the room, mulling over some point of dialogue in his mind. Suddenly he stopped, and carefully took a polo swing at one of the caps. He missed it, swung again. He moved to the next target, then to the third until finally he'd banged all of them out of sight. La Barba, under cover of fresh requests for drinks, again covered the floor for Zanuck's next artillery range practice.

Here, I thought to myself, was a scene better than any which George S. Kaufman had projected satirically in "Once In a Lifetime," the play which spoofed Hollywood unmercifully. I knew just how to write it too, to extract the fullest sardonic flavor from this picture of the genius of cinema swinging his walking stick as his brain wrestled with the problem of a \$2,000,000 picture.

The lights went out in the projection room, and in the pitch-blackness relieved only by the silver reflections of Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Alice Brady on the screen, I pulled myself up sharply.

What possible difference did it make if Zanuck hit bottle caps so long as he did a good job in "cutting" "In Old Chicago?" Wasn't it more significant that this wiry little Ne-



THERE are two cities in the world that arouse a definite chip-on-the-shoulder reaction in those who arrive in them for the first time. Those two cities are New York and Hollywood, California. In seventeen years as a reporter on New York papers, it fell to my lot to show the city to a score of visitors from Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit, Kansas City and other large communities.

Invariably their attitude, upon seeing New York, was hostile if not actually belligerent. "So this is New York," you could imagine them saying as they looked at the overpowering physical panorama of giant skyscrapers splitting the sky. No doubt at all that the greatest city in the world does give a visitor an inferiority complex. The vastness of it smothers ego, the noise of it drowns out the echo of your home town reputation, the coldness of its stone canyons chills the warmth that you brought from Main Street. It's the same with Hollywood.

Now it never occurred to me that, some day, I'd experience this same wretched feeling, but then, quite suddenly, Harvey Deuell, managing editor of The News, asked me if I'd like to shift from Broadway to Hollywood. Frankly, I was delighted. It was like a ballplayer being shifted from one major league club, after years of service, to another, and the prospect was stimulating. It was in that happy frame of mind that I loaded my typewriter aboard the Twentieth Century Limited and started west. My good cheer was still at par when we left Chicago on The Chief, and, looking back, I seem to recall that even at Albuquerque, my mood was buoyant and expansive.

Thirty minutes outside of Los Angeles, however, for no apparent reason, I found that I had a chip on my shoulder.

"So this is Hollywood," I sneered inwardly. Through the compartment windows rows of palm trees were visible: "Florida palm trees have these skinned to death," I thought to myself. In my heart, I knew what was happening; I was 3,000 miles from Broadway and scared to death of what was directly ahead. On Broadway, I had been a big shot; out here it was entirely possible that I'd be just another guy named Joe. With painful exactness, I recalled the words of that famous Chicago banker, on his first trip to New York: "In my city, Mr. Sullivan, everybody knows me and they sort of cater to me, but here I'm so completely unimportant."

Unimportant, that's the best way to describe how you feel when you arrive in Hollywood! Unimportant, insignificant. For this is a world out of focus, a world of lost proportions, and you lose your sense of proportion too.

When you regain that, you begin to like Hollywood and its people, and regain it you must if you will just consider that the important people out here are small-town boys and girls who made good. Remember, for instance, that suave Robert Montgomery acquired that screen suavity in Beacon, N. Y., and you restore him to focus. It's the same with the rest of them if you will only remind yourself of it: Glenda Farrell, for instance, comes from Enid, Oklahoma; Virginia Bruce is a small city girl, from Minneapolis; Dick Powell came from Mt. View, Ark.; Irene

braskan, after putting in a full day at the studio, was now engaged in a night shift that would not release him until 4 a.m.? Wasn't it a better story to point out, that in seven hours of observing him critically, I was compelled to marvel at his fine story-construction mind, and his instinct for drama? Wouldn't it be more interesting for perhaps 1,000,000 people who own stock in his company, to learn that his ability to concentrate was demonstrated time and again during the long night, when to fortify his arguments about certain scenes, he quoted lines of dialogue, and instantly named the scenes which should be scissored?

Certainly, here was an opportunity to distort the bottle-cap scene into a caricature of a Hollywood master-mind at work, but if I yielded to it, I'd only be fashioning a cruel caricature of my own mentality.

You might ridicule, if you wished, the



By
Ed Sullivan

A famous opera star, Gladys Swarthout, and (above) Virginia Bruce consider themselves lucky and let it go at that. (Left) Lots of people would like to see what Enid, Oklahoma, looks like. For that's the town that produced Glenda Farrell. (Extreme left) Ask the grocer at Mt. View, Ark., about Dick Powell. He saw him grow up.

magnificent mansion in which Jack Warner lives, by pointing out that in the midst of all this lavishness, he shows you first a stack of twelve hill-billy records on the automatic reloading phonograph, and explains that by pressing a bewildering array of buttons, you can sound off these hill-billy

lamentations and caterwauls in every room, or even make them audible on the tennis courts or at the swimming pool. But the question is, does Jack Warner take this magnificent place in his stride. Let's ask him, as a reporter. "I hardly ever live here," he tells you. "I use it to impress people with whom I do business. Foreign dignitaries take one look at this place and say to themselves: 'Hell, if the Warners have homes like these, they're the people to sign with.'" The same idea is carried out in his office at the Burbank studios. You reach his desk across a wide sweep of rugs: "By the time they get to my desk, and whether they like it or not, they're impressed," says Warner. "We deal with temperamental people and the idea is to dazzle them, overpower them."

The powers in Hollywood spend some of their time in playing practical jokes on one another. RKO studio boss, Sam Briskin, was jockeyed into a position where his picture was taken with three visiting Congressmen. Too late, Briskin learned that the "Congressmen" with whom he'd posed were three character actors. Too late, likewise, did Sam Bischoff, Warner producer, learn that the "representative" of Floyd Odum, New York financier, who expressed a financial interest in Bischoff's razor factory, was a fraud hired from the Central Casting Agency.

[Continued on page 75]

SNAPPING AT THE STARS

Flashshots Of The Picture Players Who Visit
Mazda Lane To Catch Up
On Their Who's Who

Director Wesley Ruggles looked a little bored when I snapped his picture, probably feeling it was useless and foolish to shoot anyone so expert themselves at shooting. That afternoon I had had a small cocktail party and he had come in glowing with enthusiasm over the day he had spent with his small son. He had taken him several times to the zoo and not knowing just what would amuse extreme youth hit on the happy idea of a trip across the Hudson on a ferry boat. The kid was enchanted, so very enchanted, that they had spent the whole afternoon going over and back. Dorothy Mackaill, who is utterly

In the ladies' dressing room, the intrepid cameraman discovers Mary Brian combing her hair while she chats with June Clyde.



Stanley Kahn, Loretta Young, Fred March and Mrs. March (Florence Eldridge). The latter are appearing in a stage play.

WHEN the "Normandie" docked, bringing back to America the No. 1 glamour girl of the movies, the pulse of New York beat just a little faster. She rushed off first to her suite at the Waldorf and then without even changing went with three admiring men to her favorite night club. When I took her photo unexpectedly, she protested: "Why, I haven't even any powder on my face." A little later a couple from Cleveland came in. After sitting at the bar beside Dietrich for quite a while, they called me over. It seems they were disappointed at not having any celebrities to gape at. When I explained that the slim reddish-haired young woman two down from them in a pale green chiffon evening gown was Mrs. John Jacob Astor they were delighted, but when I pointed out Dietrich in her severe tailored gray suit with its split skirt, they almost fainted away in a dither of joy. All of which proves but once again the old proverb that what one seeks afield is usually right beside you.

Jon Hall, now a personage, goes clubbing with Natalie Schaefer. (Right) Alice Faye is interested in the pictures of the other stars in the lounge of a 52nd Street rendezvous.



Janet Gaynor is surprised to see a camera looking into her car. (Left, center) Marlene Dietrich stops to greet her friends before she journeys home to Hollywood.

The cigarette girl should be pleased at Bruce Cabot's frank look of approval.



stepped in. Even in the faint half-light she must have seen me for, whoever before got in a car with such a happy expression, save perhaps a bride.

One night at the theatre, I spotted Loretta Young with the Fredric Marches and lost no time in getting a picture of them. Miss Young's escort was Stanley Kahn of New York, whom I recognized as having photographed dining with her the same night at the Colony. Later on when they turned up in a night club she asked to pose alone and teased me about always catching her with the same man. "After all," she said, "I've been out with different people every night I've been in New York and you would have to photograph me different places with the same man and give the impression I'm out constantly with him." She had on a beautiful dress of white crepe with a scarlet twisted arrangement of the same material falling from the shoulders behind and wore her ermine coat.

I met Mary Brian one night as she arrived at El Morocco and told her I wanted an informal snap, so she said she would pose as soon as she and June Clyde had washed up. Now there

(Above) Jack La Rue and Shannon Dean do the "Big Apple." (Left) The director, Wesley Ruggles, while in New York, entertains the former star, Dorothy MacKail.

was an idea, about the only place I've never taken a photo is in the Ladies Room of a night club, and remembering the amusing scene in the stage play "The Women," which was laid in one, I barged in for a second to get one. Later, Miss Brian, who is great fun, stopped to talk to Rudy Vallee and John Perona, the handsome owner of El Morocco.

Jon Hall's visit east for the opening of "Hurricane" was a great success. Jewelers presented him with gold and platinum cigarette boxes, haberdashers with dressing gowns and pyjamas and lovely ladies with no end of compliments. The night I saw him he was at one of the most amusing Sunday evening parties at the Pierre, arranged by that superhostess Marion Cooley. When she introduced him she announced that he was going to undress and show his now famous torso to the guests. He was frightfully embarrassed, but was finally persuaded to get behind a sheet held around him by four waiters. When the sheet was removed there Jon stood, almost naked, in his "Hurricane" costume. But it was a highly colored cardboard Jon Hall and the real one was regaining his composure at a table with Natalie Schaefer, the one-time wife of actor Louis Calhern. Is it true that Jon [Continued on page 64]

charming, even if she does own sixty-eight different, complete, tailored outfits, was with him when I photo-

graphed this picture.

Like Sylvia Sidney, Janet Gaynor can be most elusive and difficult when it comes to being photographed. Her freckles make her best excuse, but yet her friends say her favorite photo is the one of herself in "A Star Is Born," showing the different eyebrows sketched on her face by the beauty expert, so one wonders. To escape too much publicity when she was in New York she and Tyrone Power went to obscure and often shabby places where the proprietors, unused to such a wealth of celebrities, promptly notified all the newspapers and they were besieged by press photographers, which served them jolly well right. I stationed myself on the far side of her car one night when she was going home and caught this particularly happy shot of her as she

Men Are Often Cast Because They Fit The Part, But The Girls Reach Success By The Magic Of Allure.

GIRLS MUST HAVE "UMPH!"

CHARLES BOYER and Fredric March must be

in their late thirties or early forties, while Brian Aherne is 35. (He gave us his birthday as May 2, 1902). All three were professional actors in their early twenties, and consider acting a life-work. They have no intention of retiring when they are no longer comparatively young. And it is safe to predict that they will draw the femmes at the wicket for many more years to come. But your average woman star loses her romantic appeal and slips at the box office much earlier than men.

As Lillian Burns, dynamic dramatic coach at MGM told us the other day, "In this business the average girl starts at 17 or 18, and has to go places by the time she is 22 or 23. It's tougher for the girls to break into pictures than for men, because they have to be younger. But this emphasis on feminine youth, which limits a girl's chances to enter pictures, also handicaps her very seriously when she does succeed in landing a studio contract. It takes mentality, poise, charm, a certain degree of intellectual and emotional maturity, to be a star. Loretta Young is one of the few actresses who became a star at an early age.

Why do so many ingenues die out? The mortality rate among the girls with studio contracts is enormous. They just are too young to develop fast enough, too young to bring to the studio any background. To act is to think, and it takes a certain maturity to think well.

"But your average young man starts in this business between the ages of 23 and 30, definitely out of the adolescent period. He has a better background for dramatic work, is more stable, and takes his acting more seriously. He may have barnstormed through the country before a talent scout offered to give him a screen test. It has been my experience that the young men who start in this business are more interested in what they can give the world, than what they can get. But young girls too often are attracted to Hollywood because of its glamour, the grandeur, the razzle-dazzle of big premieres, the parties and orchids and fur coats Hollywood promises.

"Contrary to the belief that prevails in certain quarters, the movies require much more than the stage ever asked. It takes much more to succeed on the screen, than on the stage. By clever make-up you can create an illusion of youth and glamour and beauty on the stage, but screen acting is a much more intimate thing. You've got to project your personality on a small dead canvas. Hollywood is a decidedly tougher nut to crack than Broadway. And



you have to be a *consistently* good performer to last in this business. On the stage, an actress might be able to survive several flops, but even one bad picture may have fatal results. And to be a consistently good performer you must have intelligence, experience, and inner dramatic resources. And then by the time a girl learns how to act, she is cast aside be-

ing personality and won the Academy award for her acting ability. Beauty is rare, a personality that will make one stand out in a crowd is rare, too, and real acting ability is the rarest of all."

"Do you require any stage experience?" we asked him.

"Stage experience helps, but it's not abso-



cause she is too old for romantic roles."

No woman star anywhere near 30 would dare to return to the stage for the sake of gaining more experience, as Freddie March has done, and it is safe to say that no foreign actress would have survived Charles Boyer's two failures in Hollywood.

We asked Fred Datig, the veteran casting director at Metro, what a girl should have in this year of our Lord 1938 to land a Metro contract. Datig is reputed to know 50,000 faces, and his own face is a long and somber one. He is not a man to be easily impressed!

"First of all," he said, "I look for glamour. Glamour is as important as ever. Don't let anybody kid you that it isn't. By glamour I mean not only an attractive face, but also a good figure. A good figure is very important. A girl can't be too thin for picture work, unless she is so emaciated that she looks positively ghastly. We turn down many otherwise attractive and promising girls because they are too fat, and the screen would make them look even fatter.

"Beauty is basic. But if a girl doesn't have the looks, she must have enough personality and acting ability to overcome photographic defects. Luise Rainer is no Galatean beauty, but she has an outstand-

(Top) Fredric March looked like a New York reporter, so he was cast in "Nothing Sacred" and made another hit. (Next) Irene Dunne plays many diverse parts and plays them well. (Above) There never has been as irresistible a wife as Myrna Loy was in "The Thin Man." (Right) Ilona Massey, a newcomer from whom great things are expected.

lutely necessary. If we find a girl who is interesting photographically and has personality, we can train her—or at least give her every opportunity to develop her acting talent. Some never make the grade. It just isn't in them."

"Is it really tougher for the girls to make good in pictures?"

"A boy with average ability and good looks will get ahead faster than a girl will,

By Leon Surmelian

if for no other reason than the old law of supply and demand. There are many more girls than boys trying to break into pictures. There is always a shortage of leading men. Men usually are attracted to other fields."

"Would you say that luck has much to do with success or failure in this business?"

"Luck will help one get into this business, but won't keep him there for very long unless he has really got the goods."

He named Ilona Massey, whom you will see in "Rosalie," Miliza Korjus, who is being considered for several major roles,



Charles Boyer and (left) Brian Aherne, two great actors stamped with the characteristics of their own countries.

Della Lind, and Ann Rutherford, as star material. Ilona is a blonde beauty from Hungary, with a voice. Miliza, also a blonde, is from Poland, and also blessed with a voice. Della sings too, is blonde, and hails from Vienna. Ann was born in Canada, is a brunette, and her record includes such pictures as "The Devil Is Driving," "Carnival in Paris," "Live, Love and Learn," "Benefits Forgot," and "You're Only Young Once."

Irene Dunne, that delectable Kentucky thoroughbred who is a funster in real life and recently has increased her popularity as a comedian, believes this is the most competitive and exacting business in the world and one must be a ruthless fighter to be a star—which isn't exactly the kind of woman men like, and that makes it tougher for the gals. "I have known many charming and beautiful girls," Miss Dunne tells us, "who tried to crash the studio gates but failed, because they didn't have enough spunk. Believe me, I had to fight hard to get where I am today. I first came to Hollywood as a singer, at a time when producers were sick and tired of musicals. I wanted badly the part of *Sabra* in 'Cimarron,' but I had to move heaven and earth to sell the idea to the front office. It isn't enough to know that you can do something. You must convince others you can do it, fight for it. My lady-like dignity and self-esteem have received some very rude jolts in this business. But I'm half Irish. I can fight."

Bette Davis went as far as
[Continued on page 77]



Luise Rainer's superb talent enabled her to play a Chinese woman in "The Good Earth."

FREE AS THE AIR

You Have Only To Turn A Dial And The
Greatest Show Is Yours For Nothing

PERHAPS the least publicized yet the most invaluable member of a broadcasting studio is the man in the control room—that invisible power behind the microphone who launches thousands of voices to radio fame.

To the great American public he is the "Forgotten Man," but to Jeanette MacDonald, Bing Crosby, Lily Pons, Rudy Vallee, Grace Moore, Tony Martin, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Cecil B. De Mille, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell and innumerable others, he is as indispensable as a director, hairdresser, make-up artist and cameraman all rolled into one.

If you have ever attended a studio broadcast (and if you haven't, it's because you haven't a friend whose sister is a first cousin to the uncle of a man who knows someone

the screen, when Jeanette sings a number, whether it is "Sweetheart" from "Maytime," or "Indian Love Call" from "Rose Marie," she can record it again and again, until it is perfect. In front of the microphone, she has only one chance. If she doesn't hit that high C, there are no retakes. It is here that our friend in the control room is her only prop.

Before the broadcast, he has tested her voice—he has told her when to step away from the mike on a high note, and when to sing directly into it for ordinary pitch. She rehearses for him until he becomes familiar with her tonal quality. If she keeps to the voice level he has perfected for her, she need have no cause for worry. If, on the other hand, in the tense excitement of the broadcast itself, she forgets any of his instructions, he cannot come to her rescue. Experienced as he is, there are certain

are in such demand. They have no bugaboo of voice to overcome and now, except in rare instances, no mike fright.

Time was—and not so long ago, when even the thought of doing a broadcast made Joan Crawford shake more than Gilda Gray. On her first program before an audience, she was so nervous that she sat through the entire proceedings. If she had stood, there was nothing the control man could do to avoid the knocking of her knees together!

Now Joan looks confidently into the mike and sings, "It's The Natural Thing To Do."

Claudette Colbert is another player who no longer does a St. Vitus dance when she is asked to do a broadcast. Personally, I'd do a "St.



(Left to right) Jeanette MacDonald . . . when her voice, raised in glorious song, fills your own living rooms, you feel better acquainted with her. That's how Jeanette comes to call. Edgar Bergen and his dummy make some players yearn to walk the "plank." Broadcasting actresses are listened to more enthusiastically if, like Claudette Colbert, their faces are cherished in our memories.

with "pull"), most likely you have noticed him. The odds are ten to one that the only reason he has attracted your attention is because during the course of the program, he is the focal point of interest to the announcer and artist. They look to him for a nod of approval in much the same way as De Mille anticipates the unison chorus of his "yes men." It is he whose expert manipulation in the control room can help or hinder the most talented artist.

Take Jeanette MacDonald, for instance (through special permission of Gene Raymond of course). On

miracles that he cannot perform. He cannot amplify the voice nor add inflection to it. He can't make a nasal voice sound melodic. He can't overcome a breathless quality, nor stifle the rustling of paper.

Recently, when Betty Furness appeared on Bing Crosby's Music Hall, she wore a charm bracelet at rehearsal. In moving her arm, one of the charms happened to hit against the microphone and it sounded like a prelude to the anvil chorus! Luckily the control man caught it in time to eliminate it from the actual broadcast.

With a good voice and the ability to project it the prime requisite for a radio career, it is only natural that movie stars

Vitus" all over, if I got \$5,000 a program! Claudette is a "stocking foot" rehearser. As soon as she steps inside a studio to begin rehearsals for any program, off come her shoes. And the only thing that bothers her is that they have to be put on again during the broadcast. With or without shoes, she has "Mistinguettes" that leave you limp—and her sponsors would rather not have any distraction from the work on hand!

It is often very amusing to see the contrast between a player at rehearsal and that same player during the broadcast itself. I'll never forget a few years ago watching Katharine Hepburn rehearse the balcony scene for her radio debut in "Romeo and Juliet." She had come to the NBC studios in a pair of blue denim slacks, with her feet encased in sandals. Her hair was a careless disarray of curls pinned back and piled high. To hear her recite the beauty of "Juliet's" lines in that get-up was one of the most incongruous sights I had ever seen!

The following night when I attended the broadcast, she was as transformed as Cinderella by her magic pumpkin. Wearing a black velvet hostess gown—her hair beautifully coiffed, she was the epitome of feminine allure—and the audience's illusion was kept intact.

It is because so often these illusions are shattered, that a great many players are not

in favor of studio audiences. It can't help but be disillusioning to hear Clark Gable and Myrna Loy make passionate love to each other, when they are divided by microphones and aren't even looking at each other, because their heads are buried in their scripts.

It is shedding the glamour too much to see Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Binnie Barnes, Sylvia Sydney et al., gazing at you through tortoise shell glasses.

It is disappointing to realize that all applause isn't spontaneous, but is incited by huge applause cards held up by the announcer at a given cue.

It is disturbingly unreal to hear Tyrone Power say "goodbye" and have a prop man slam the door for him.

Yet, despite these disillusioning moments, tickets for any broadcast—especially those featuring a Hollywood

"And they'll be released before the picture will!" volunteered Fred, from the sidelines.

"Don't be surprised if you hear that crack on next week's program!" answered Jack.

"No, and I won't be surprised to hear it for nothing, either!" retorted Fred.

What a pity the boys have kissed and made up!

When the Marx Brothers appear on a radio program, things are always bound to happen — and do! They ad lib most of their lines, thereby

By Radie
Harris

If you could see
Binnie Barnes
broadcasting,
you'd be sur-
prised.

Three favorites, Tyrone Power, Bing Crosby and Jack Benny . . . a million dials tune them in when they come on the air. Betty Furness—saved by the control man!

From The Antenna Of The
Broadcasting Station Come
The Mysterious Wireless
Waves That Bring The
Voices And The Personal-
ities Of The World's Great
Entertainers.

name, are as hard to get as a Ned Sparks grin!

It is a marvelous opportunity for the fans to catch a close-up of their idols, and even if Myrna Loy has freckles and Paul Lukas wears a toupee, the thrill of personal contact is still there.

The stars, too, are getting to like audiences. Comedians won't work without them, as they find their reaction to their gags a true barometer of how the program is going over.

Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Jack Benny play to their live audience as much as to their vast unseen listeners. And often, before the program and after, they give the customers an added treat by staging an impromptu show.

The mob that jammed the ballroom of the Hotel Pierre, a few months ago, to hear Jack Benny give Fred Allen the razzberry, (lemon, orange, cherry and lime) was treated to a store of ad libbed wisecracks before the ether ceremonies began.

Fred, walking on the stage and finding Jack already there, commented,

"I never expected to find a marionette at a radio station!"

When Don Wilson announced that unlike Certain Other Programs, Jello did not use signs, asking their audience to applaud, Fred niftied back,

"We use signs because we cater to a public that can read!"

At this point Jack suggested that if the Jello gang had any sense, they'd shut up from now on.

"Don't be so modest," was Fred's retort, "you've got plenty of sense. You've got me up here working for nothing, haven't you?"

Jack almost doubled up at that one (so did the sponsors!) but regained his equilibrium long enough to announce his regrets that Kenny Baker and Phil Harris, regular features of the show, would not appear because they were in Hollywood, making a picture for Warner Bros.

completely throwing the rest of the cast off stride and causing all kinds of commotion in the studio.

Freddie March is another perpetrator of ad libbed remarks. A few years ago, when we were doing an interview together, he gave me an unexpected answer to a question I had put to him. Seeing my amazed look, he announced right into the microphone,

"No, Radie, we didn't rehearse that!"

And without benefit of technicolor, was my face red!

Few stars can be spontaneous over the air, not even those celebrated for their extemporaneous wit. The reason for this is that they are so used to working from script, they are absolutely lost if everything doesn't come off strictly according to the written word.

Bob Burns, Jack Benny, Georgie Jessel, Bing Crosby and Edgar Bergen are rare exceptions. Charlie McCarthy breaks everyone else up but Bergen.

A few weeks ago, Nelson Eddy became so convulsed with laughter, watching Charlie go on the make for Madge Evans, that he was literally unable to speak his lines. Robert Armbruster quickly came to his rescue with a musical interval that gave him enough time to regain his composure.

Walter Winchell has all his material prepared in advance, but if any last minute scoops come in, they are rushed to him, even while he is on the air. Recently, just before he started a broadcast, he received news that Mrs. Al Donahue, wife of the orchestra leader at New York's famous Rainbow Room, had been rushed to the hospital to await the arrival of a "blessed event." During the fifteen minutes that

Walter was on the air, the wires were kept open from the studio to the hospital, but Mrs. Donahue and the infant proved very uncooperative. Walter had to sign off without coming back in a flash with the expected flash!

Walter, incidently, lives up to every preconceived notion that his readers have of the way he looks and acts when he sends them "lotions of love" every Sunday night.

It is a rare occasion when a star has to disappoint a radio audience, but when it does happen, an earthquake is a calm affair compared to the chaos it arouses.

Radio is only for the talented and experienced. According to Variety, the theatrical bible of America, the chances of a newcomer getting a job are six hundred to one. Of 1,863 applicants who auditioned during the past twelve months only three were considered good enough to warrant consideration. These statistics prove that it is even harder to crash radio than Hollywood. Statistics also prove that if you crash Hollywood, you also crash radio—and vice versa.

In other words, it all goes back to that old saying:

"Him who has, gits!"

ONE of the favorite stories around Broadway a few years ago was the one about the man who refused a friend's proffered "little invention" because he thought \$115 was too much to risk on a pipe dream, only to wake up next morning to find he'd turned down Cellophane.

The unhappy gentleman had turned a cold shoulder on "a cool million." But that is nothing compared to Hollywood. There, million dollar mistakes happen every day.

So, he turned down Cellophane? But what of the chagrin of Sam Goldwyn, who turned down Robert Taylor; of M. G. M., who released Deanna Durbin; Paramount, who let go of Cary Grant?

They say the man who turned down Cellophane shudders still every time he removes a wrapper from a package of cigarettes or a band from a loaf of bread. And it's a safe bet the big-wigs at Paramount shudder every time they pass a theatre with "The Awful Truth" in lights on the marquee. Studios had cherished the Irene Dunne dignity for years, turning out feeble imitations of "Cimarron" one after another, when tradition-flouting Columbia took the young lady in hand a year ago, consigned her ladylike mannerisms to the ash-can and turned out hilarious, profitable "Theodora Steps Out." Paramount was next on the list for Miss Dunne's services, and stood to profit by Columbia's example. But one example wasn't enough; Paramount turned its back on its star's comedy talents and made one of the most expensive flops in film history, "High, Wide and Handsome." The tragedy has twice its sting for Paramount these days, with "The Awful Truth" piling up staggering profits—for Columbia!

As though the Dunne mistake wasn't bitter medicine enough for the studio which lost its best silk shirt on "High, Wide and Handsome," "The Awful Truth" also boosts Cary Grant to the list of ten most desirable male stars. Cary was under contract to Paramount for many seasons, and assigned to one straight, romantic lead after another. Bored with his steady, romantic fare, and convinced that he could do the brand of sophisticated comedy so much in demand at the box-office, Grant approached his studio bosses with the plea that he be given a comedy role for a change. When they refused, he asked for a release from his contract, and got it. Good looking leading men, Paramount figured, came a dime a dozen.

Cary won the toss when he went to RKO as a free lance player, stole "Sylvia Scarlett" neatly from Katharine Hepburn in a comedy role, hit the bell again with Connie Bennett in "Topper," and then proceeded to Columbia, where his performance in "The Awful Truth" established him as the smoothest of the drawing room comedians. Cary Grant would be a valuable asset, indeed, to his former employers today, but they no longer own his contract; and it would cost them three times his former salary to buy him back again. Don't you imagine the lads who sign the pay-checks at Paramount feel a bit like the man who turned down Cellophane when they read the box-office returns of "The Awful Truth?"

But, if Columbia gets too smug read-

JUST A SLIGHT MISTAKE

(And Bang! Goes a Million Dollars)



"Georgie-Porgie" Burns and Gracie Allen. They are mighty happy because of their success, and so are the rest of us. (Right) the talented Gladys George is in the dog house because a big shot guessed wrong.

ing this dissertation, what about Peter Lorre? The funny, little Austrian insisted from the moment Columbia placed him under contract, that he was first, last, and always a comedian. But the studio wouldn't listen, assigned Peter to the somberest of all roles, Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment." The picture withered at the box-office, and Columbia returned Peter to the ranks of the unemployed. It was a break for Lorre, however, for now he's doing very well for himself at Fox, playing his favorite type of role, and coining money for his employers in the "Mr. Moto" series.

Sam Goldwyn turned down Robert Taylor. Sam is one of the best guessers in the business, but he also answers for some of the industry's costliest mistakes.

The "great lover" of the hour was a scared boy when he reported at Goldwyn's sound stages for his first film test. A bored assistant director dressed him up in unbecoming Grecian robes, gave him a side or two of the "Roman Scandals" script to read and started the cameras. They showed Sam Goldwyn the test. Bad, he said, but not hopeless. "Tell the kid to drop back again when he's fattened up."

Red ink after the name of Robert Taylor in Sam Goldwyn's books glares not half so crimson as the long rows of figures tab-

Fate Loads The Dice In The Picture World. Every Day Someone Scores A Flop Or A Fortune.

By
Pauline Swanson

ulated under the heading of "Sten, Anna." Anna Sten spent her first year in Hollywood practically as Goldwyn's guest, studying acting technique, learning the language, otherwise preparing herself for the screen. Overhead costs on "Nana" totalled half a million dollars before a camera turned. Two "Nanas" were completed. The first, costing \$388,000, was shelved. Goldwyn released the second version—more expensive than the first—



but the ticket buyers paid off only a fraction of his million dollar investment.

Goldwyn could have signed Burns and Allen at the peak of their triumphant vaudeville engagement at the Palace Theatre, but rejected their test with a note: "So they have a seven minute act. But what have they when that's used up?" If Burns and Allen's seven consecutive years on the air are not answer enough to the question, might we suggest that Mr. Goldwyn drop in to see "Damsel in Distress?"

On the other hand, give Goldwyn credit for discovering a warmly human personality beneath the Oriental masque British films had bequeathed to Merle Oberon; for seeing Miriam Hopkins' potentialities after the other studios had turned her down.

Everyone knows the story of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most expensive mistake: re-

leasing thirteen-year-old Deanna Durbin. The net receipts of "One Hundred Men and a Girl" are rounding the two million mark about now, and Louis B. Mayer might have had his trigger finger on the cash drawer—if he hadn't let Deanna slip through his fingers.

It was Mayer who phoned the casting director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with orders to "find a part for that kid who sang for me the other day," only to be told Deanna Durbin's M.G.M. contract had been allowed to lapse three days before, that already she was filing a daily work card at Universal studio.

Deanna was under contract at Metro for six months and during the time worked for two days singing in a short subject. She was engaged originally to play Ernestine Schumann-Heink as a girl, in the film Metro planned as a vehicle for that grand old diva, but when Schumann-Heink's illness and death shelved the picture, the little Durbin kid was left to kick around the lot with nothing to do but check in daily at the studio school room.

Mayer, along with Rufus LeMaire and Sam Katz, had heard Deanna sing when she first came to work at the studio and had jotted down a note in his little black book that the child had something. But Mayer went away for a European vacation; Deanna sat out her contract, and Rufus LeMaire—by this time associated with the new Universal—remembered her, and gave her a job. Deanna's first picture, "Three Smart Girls," substantiated all of Mr. Mayer's earlier hopes for her, but it was too late. He had lost his chance to emulate the example of Senator James A. Couzens, who had the good sense to invest in Henry Ford when Ford was an untried boy.

It's not safe, even yet, to mention "Three Men on a Horse" in Sam Goldwyn's presence. He could have owned half of the play, stage rights, screen rights, copyright, for \$15,000. Fred Kohlmar, one of his own lieutenants, came to Goldwyn with the offer when the producer, Alex Yokel, was looking for capital. Goldwyn turned it down flat. The Warner Brothers stepped in with the \$15,000 and now stand to collect a cozy million dollars for their gamble.

When "Three Men on a Horse" was at the peak of its Broadway run, Goldwyn suddenly saw in it the perfect vehicle for a guy named Cantor who was then on his payroll, and offered \$110,000 for the screen rights alone. But Warners didn't hear well at those prices. Goldwyn lost the play—and Cantor.

Don't you imagine that a movie producer, at a time like that, feels a little like the fellow who could have had half of the New York subway for a thousand dollars?

[Cont. on page 69]



(Top) The girl who was given the air. But Marjorie Weaver didn't quit—she clicked instead. (Above) Cary Grant and Irene Dunne were both on the skids, and then somebody guessed correctly! (Below) A strenuous moment in the life of Martha Raye—the long shot who pays off.



SHE LIKES TO BE BAD!

Too Much Sweetness And Light Get Bette Davis Down.

By
Jack Holland

could be reached by merely knowing it was possible. And yet, since I had always had such complete confidence in Mother's ideals, I found myself believing I could have my name in lights just because Mother had said I could."

"Well, your dream came true, but was it all you expected?"

"No. It fell short some way. I was walking down by the Capitol Theatre in New York one night a few years ago when my attention was drawn to a sign over the theatre. There, in lights, was my name. I looked at it for

"Jezebel" is a dramatic story of the duelling days in the South and Bette is the girl that sets them to fighting. Prominent in the cast are Richard Cromwell, Henry Fonda and George Brent.

"MY MOTHER is responsible for my determination to fight for things that seem absolutely impossible!"

Bette Davis sat in the studio commissary, dressed in an elaborate costume which she is wearing in her new picture, "Jezebel." We were talking about her philosophy and her belief in the importance of fighting the hardest and the longest when things seemed the most impossible.

"It was mother's creed," said Bette, her delicate and expressive fingers tracing a pattern on the water glass before her, "that anything worthwhile is worth fighting for, no matter what the odds may be against you. She was also a firm believer in fate, but she thought that if fate made an opening for you, it was up to you to take advantage of it."

A prop man stopped at Bette's table to bid her a cheery "Hello" and to ask how she was feeling. (This was just after she had recovered from her serious sunburn.)

"I remember so distinctly," said Bette after greetings were over, "a certain rainy night many years ago. My mother and I loved to walk in the rain, you know, so we went visiting the bright lights on this evening. I was at the tender age of 8, if I remember correctly. For a while we just walked and looked. Then, suddenly, my attention was drawn to the glittering marquee of a theatre across the street. For several



minutes I just stood entranced, a strange feeling racing up and down my spine. Finally I turned to Mother and said, 'Maybe someday I'll have my name in lights, with a big picture of me out in front of the theatre.' Mother just looked at me, smiled, and said, 'If you want it badly enough, you'll have your name in lights. But you must fight for it—and be sure, in your own mind, that it is possible.'

"And was that the beginning of your creed?" I asked.

"Definitely. I remember I wasn't so sure that anything as wonderful as being a star

a while, smiled to myself, and went on. There was no quickening of the pulse, no excitement. Mother was right again. She always told me that dreams often fall short of your expectation. She thought it was a good thing, for it always left something for you to fight for—something to be determined about."

Bette was given an opportunity, quite early in her career, to prove to herself just how far this determination would carry her.

She and her mother and sister had moved to New [Continued on page 78]

THE screen's rules of behavior are strange and fascinating. Like most rules they are made to be broken. Times and morals change and the movies change with them. What a lot of nonsense about chivalry went with the wind when Jimmy Cagney socked a girl in the face with half a grapefruit! What a swell notice marriage got when William Powell and Myrna had huge fun as husband and wife in "The Thin Man!" Human relationships and conventions have shifted enormously in the last twenty years. You will find those shifts reflected clearly in the films. If you want to find out what our code of conduct is today you can't do better than look at the new screen offerings of Hollywood.

As a film critic I am not one to insist that art *always* mirrors life. I have seen too many lurid inventions and exaggerations on the screen to believe that. Also I am aware that there is a thing called censorship which keeps films from facing all the facts of life squarely. At the same time I am convinced that even as you sit, watching a picture unfold, the Hollywood behind the screen that is bringing you entertainment is absorbing your own particular reactions to living. If you take a drink, keep a blind date, beat your mother or have fun with your husband or wife, you are making the stuff of human experience from which pictures are made.

The screen can go back into history for its subjects, of course. Even then, a Napoleon or a Zola is colored by your and my judgment of them. Most of the time it must get its material from the pattern of existence that all of us are weaving from day to day. Fairy stories are all right for children, but for adults there must be some sort of hook-up with reality in their entertainment. Hollywood didn't foist off gangsters on an unwilling public, but merely took account of the weird period of lawlessness that accompanied prohibition. Flaming youth was no invention of the movies. The wild boys and girls of the twenties were in a good blaze when the screen got around to celebrating their reckless doings.

It seems to me that right now the screen is mirroring an exciting new set-up in relationships and rules of conduct. The war acted something like an avalanche on society, sweeping away in an agony of bloodshed and heroism almost all the moral standards that had been built up so carefully from crinoline days. Like an avalanche, that cataclysm has taken a long time settling. The hectic post-war years were followed by the hectic period of the boom and the trying readjustments of the depression. It is only today, I believe, that you can put your finger on new standards of behavior that have been tried by the American people and found good.

They are a lot more important, to my mind, than all the laws made by our legislators. We're still a young lusty nation, a little on the reckless side. For most of us it is what we and our friends do—not the do's and don'ts of the statute books—that matters. It is altogether fitting, then, that we have a young, lusty art to celebrate our encounters with experience. It is the privilege of the screen and the stars of Hollywood to mirror our changing points of view, just as it is our privilege to be moved and entertained by the screen's flights of beauty and humor.

We have come a long way in our attitude towards living and human relationships in twenty years. The other day I saw an early Theda Bara picture, "A Fool There Was." Leaving aside the fact that it looked awfully crude alongside the [Continued on page 66]

GETTING WARMER!

Sex Is Here Again—But There's A New Formula

By Howard Barnes



Olivia de Havilland and Leslie Howard in "It's Love I'm After." The modern girl seems to be the aggressor. (Left) Tyrone Power and Loretta Young revealing that former partners may still feel the yearning to love. It's a scene from "Second Honeymoon."



A regular guy, William Powell, knows an actor's job and loves to talk about it.

STAR NUTTY

Some People Collect Stamps, Some Collect Dust, But Picture Fans Collect The Darndest Things.

By
Grace
Simpson

(Left) Joan Crawford likes to take sunbaths, but she wishes that her adoring public would fall and break its neck.

Sketches by Lloyd Wright



IF ALL the fancy tricks and strategies which eager fans use to get next to their favorite screen stars were laid end to end, perhaps they'd encircle this old globe of ours many, many times!

The ingenious subterfuges that members of the great American and European movie fan public cook up to meet their "pet" film celebrities are without end.

Crowds once tracked down William Powell, a fan jumped right through the top of Marlene Dietrich's automobile, Barbara Stanwyck was trapped and forced to fence to avoid "confessing" her love for Robert Taylor, a fan grabbed Dolores Del Rio's hand and held on until she'd let him kiss her, a girl knocked herself completely out at Gary Cooper's feet, and a young man drove his car right into a lamp-post just so Mae Clarke would notice him.

Some of these incidents happened in Hollywood, but by far the biggest portion follow the straying of movie stars from the screen city, where, for the most part, they know the terrain, habits, and safety zones so well that they only occasionally meet a situation outside their control or upsetting to their highly treasured poise.

The stars get poor training in Hollywood for eluding persistent individuals, because they are usually pretty well guarded; and the recent hegira of celebrities across the earth revealed that some of them, like Powell, are well able to take care of themselves under most circumstances, and others, like Robert Taylor, poor dear, need all the assistance they can get.

Franciska Gaal, who will visit Europe as soon as Cecil B. De Mille's picture, "The Buccaneer," is nationally released, has already demonstrated that she is one of the cleverest actresses at preserving her privacy when traveling outside Hollywood. She avoids the big hotels, always stopping at the smallest ones or even at the auto camps!

William Powell and Barbara Stanwyck both gave ample proof in New York, not so long ago, that they can fend off embarrassing questions without hurting anyone's feelings. Barbara almost erred when a tricky question was hurled at her at a gathering. "Was it love at first sight?" a fan asked, referring to

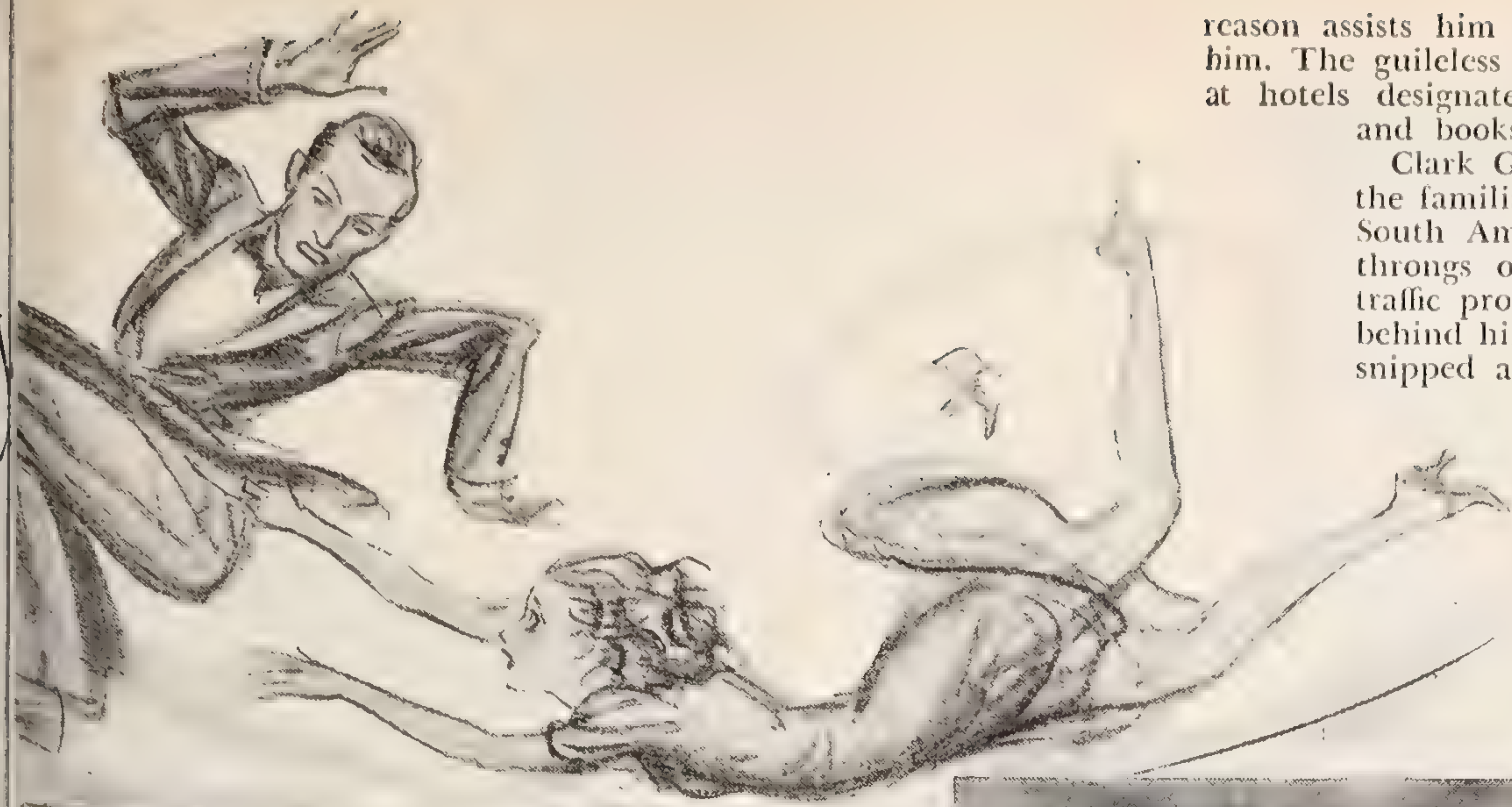


(Above) Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck sign autograph books just to show that Arlington Brugh and Ruby Stevens are "regular fellers."

Taylor. She nodded gleefully, caught herself, and then added: "Friendship at first sight!"

Meanwhile, handsome Bob had, before this, been in New York and departed—and what a stir he left behind him! Crowds had followed him so he couldn't move; strange girls had thrown strange arms about his neck and planted strange kisses on his lips! They even hauled two girls from under his bed and held back hundreds of other admirers as he sailed for Europe on the Berengaria.

Bob who said he liked demonstrations of admiration, but "got awfully tired of them at times," refused to see the girls who hid under the bed in his suite aboard ship. They were ousted by a detective. Several souvenir hunters crawled through windows and over the ship's superstructure in a mad effort to get close to their hero. One girl, after Bob had given her a handshake, vowed she'd never again wash that hand!



(Right) Gary Cooper has weathered many a fan attack and, like Sally and, never lost a fan.



Nowadays, Clark Gable keeps one eye behind him—that's something—to watch the souvenir hunters.



At that, Taylor's experiences with fans weren't nearly as bad as one experience that Allan Jones recently had. He went along with many other celebrities to see Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond off on their Hawaiian honeymoon.

Someone suddenly shouted: "Ooooh! Allan Jones! I've been just dying to meet you! Will you please sign your autograph for me?"

As Jones politely leaned down to carry out the request, another fan suddenly leaped forward, seized a handful of hair on the unfortunate Allan's head and jerked it out with main force! "Now I've got the grandest souvenir of you!" she cried hysterically. Poor Jones was crying, too—he let out a bunch of yells you could hear for a block. Afterwards, he told his wife: "Movie fans are crazy! I'd much rather get tangled up with a dozen electric fans!"

Another high in fan frustration occurred the other day in a cafe where Gary Cooper had just eaten lunch.

As he rose to go the popular star was spotted by a girl fan, who promptly made a flying dive (looking for all the world like a U. S. C. football tackler) to meet him. She dove right into a waiter and went down with a crash. Striking her head, she was knocked out cold.

She awoke a few minutes later on a couch in an inner room, uninjured except for a bump on her head, and expressed extreme displeasure at having missed Gary, her idol of idols, who by this time had gone.

"Oh, did you want to see HIM?" asked the waitress. "Why, he was the one who carried you in here and bathed your head with that ice water!"

Incidentally, Gary's traveling technique makes use of Mrs. Cooper. She knows that he is forthright and direct, and for that

reason assists him in avoiding strangers that invariably pursue him. The guileless Cooper has no secrets. That is why he stays at hotels designated in advance; travels on extra-fare trains, and books passage on small steamers.

Clark Gable is as helpless as Robert Taylor when off the familiar grounds of Hollywood. His hurried trip to South America revealed him to be defenseless against throngs of women admirers, who everywhere created traffic problems. One audacious girl fan once crept up behind him and before poor Clark could say "boo" had snipped a foot-square piece of goods right out of the back of his best traveling suit! Just for a souvenir, my dears, and what a souvenir! Next time he goes traveling, he has confided to friends, he will take a couple of Los Angeles newspapermen with him, who have been his confidants for several years—one to always stay right in front of him and the other right in back!

Joan Crawford recently had to complain to the police about fans climbing telephone poles around her Brentwood home and trying desperately to get candid movie shots of her around her grounds. "Half the time I'm indulging in sun baths and who wants to have peeping Toms around at such a time," she explained. It seems that scores of masculine fans were making it a regular practice—climbing those poles and disturbing the Crawford poise.

Dick Powell was leaving his studio recently when suddenly a young man jumped on his car and asked him to please sign an autograph.

Dick complied and wondered a bit just why the young man said, "I've tried so long to meet you and I'm more delighted than you realize. Some day you'll understand just what this all means to me!"

Powell found out later when a Hollywood grocer presented him with a bill for \$32.67! The paper he had signed his autograph on was the folded over top of another bill for \$27. On the strength of Dick Powell's endorsement, the fast talking youth had talked

[Cont. on page 74]



(Above) How would you like to find a devoted admirer in your hair? Allan Jones nearly went back to the mines.

BEHIND THEIR SMILES LIES A SECRET DREAD

By Gordon R. Silver

The Cheers Of Fans Cannot Drown It Out
Nor The Clink Of Dollars Stifle It—That
Still Small Voice Of Fear!

(Left) James Dunn has built a house in which he will be safe. (Below) Gail Patrick wards off a haunting vision. (Right) The persistent fear in the mind of Martha Raye once saved her life.



A NEWS item once came to us from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's publicity department, stating that Joan Crawford never has been higher than the seventh floor in any building—anywhere.

Behind that simple little statement lies a world of fear—a fear of suddenly falling from a high place and being smashed to bits! Joan one time told us, "Whenever I am up in some building, higher than the second story, I have an intense longing, an insane desire, really, to go to an open window and fling myself into space! Can you understand that? Particularly, since I am so horribly afraid of falling?"

"It's understandable, but hard to explain," I told her. "A lot of other folks are that way, too. The safest thing to do is to keep away from the high spots."

And that's just what Joan does. It's no pose with her. You never hear of her taking airplane jaunts across the continent or going on mountain hikes or anything like that. As for a skyscraper, well, the mere thought or sight of one makes her head swoon. If she had to go clear to the top of the Empire State Building she'd probably die of sheer fright! Joan has tried to conquer this phobia, but she knows it is no use—she will have it all the days of her life.

Other stars have equally annoying phobias—strange fears that they can not seem to get rid of.

Gail Patrick, for instance, is deathly afraid of big black locomotives! She won't go within a mile of one of them if she can help it. She does all of her traveling by either plane or auto. She likes airplanes and will fly anywhere in one, but refuses absolutely to board a train under any circumstances! "They not only frighten me half out of my wits, but the mere thought of riding in one is quite enough to make me really sick," she told me. "It's a silly fear, I know, but I can't suppress it—so what can I do?"

Claudette Colbert dreads the thought of an earthquake. If one actually comes, no matter how mild it may be, poor Claudette

lets out a scream of agony and her knees start shaking much, much more than old mother earth!

On the other hand, Nelson Eddy isn't at all scared by earth-shakes, but he does live in mortal fear of dust-storms. He says he will never forget the night in a little Mid-western town, on

one of his concert tours, when a dust storm suddenly came up and raged so that he had to keep a wet towel wrapped around his face all the time he was on the stage—except when he was actually singing. "And then," he grinned, "my teeth were chattering so much (and not from the cold, either!) I had hard work to open my mouth, let alone sing decently! It's a queer phobia, isn't it?"

Yes, but not as queer as one possessed by James Dunn. You wouldn't guess his phobia in a hundred years! It's this: fear of being gassed! It seems that Jimmy, when a small lad, got a whiff of gas up his nose and since that time, well, the idea of having more has just about terrified him.

Jimmy Dunn was the first film player to ever consult an architect about building a home that could be hermetically sealed in short order in case of gas attacks over the city! James borrowed the idea from England—was assured that, at small extra expense, he could have three rooms built in his new home so they could be made gas-proof in quick order, so—he had it done!

So realistically did "Mamma and Daddy" Farrell picture the bad, old "Boogy Man" to their little girl in the days of her growing-up process, that today their erstwhile little Glenda still sleeps with all the lights in her bedroom fully on! She's mortally afraid of the dark and never has been without a light during the full extent of her slumbers.

Just as Glenda is afraid of the dark, so is Fred Astaire afraid of blackbirds! If one of the gentry swoops down near him when he is walking peacefully along the sidewalk, well, poor Fred nearly collapses in his tracks! Great, big he-man Victor McLaglen

takes hours. Hours that he could be lolling. An amazing young man.

But just because Nelson Eddy doesn't fall in with the accepted Hollywood tradition you needn't get the idea that he hates Hollywood. Quite the contrary. When he is on concert tour he invariably runs into some person in each city who will sidle up to him after the concert and say, hoping for a juicy tidbit, "Now, Mr. Eddy, let down your back hair and tell me what Hollywood is really like."

Nothing makes Mr. Mayer's white haired boy so furious. Controlling a desire to slap the leer right off of his inquisitor's face Nelson emphatically assures him that Hollywood is a city like all other cities, no better, no worse. It has given him and his charming mother the first home they have had in many years, and he loves it. And when it comes time to retire (oh perish the thought, Mr. Eddy) he doesn't expect to dash off to the Riviera or the South Seas—he hopes Hollywood will always be his home.

Although he doesn't like to go to parties, strange to say, he likes to give parties. What with his pictures, his concerts, his broadcasts, and his recordings heaven only knows he doesn't have much time for parties, but when he is in town barely a week passes but what one night he will have his friends in for music and fun in his attractive Brentwood home. He moved recently from the house high up on Misty Mountain, due to the fact that he returned home from the studio one afternoon to find five cars with out-of-town licenses parked in his driveway, and a whole bevy of tourists making merry in his swimming pool. He likes fans—but he likes them not quite so brash. He gets a big kick at his parties out of turning on his recording machine, when his guests are laughing and talking, and quite unbeknownst to them making records of their conversation—which later he proceeds to play for them. P.S. Don't ever indulge in Hollywood's favorite pastime of talking about your host in Mr. Eddy's house. He'll get it in wax. And will your face be red!

Because he is such a hard, relentless worker (and did you ever try making a picture, rehearsing for a broadcast, doing recordings, and planning a concert tour all in one week?) the beach-combers of Hollywood have been wont to call Nelson Eddy a dull boy. They say he has no sense of humor. But so



(Left) Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. "Girl of the Golden West" will be their next. (Above) With Eleanor Powell in "Rosalie."



long as an actor can laugh at himself I don't think we have to worry about his lack of humor.

Give Nelson half a chance and he is bound to tell you about the little episode that occurred in the forecourt of the theatre the night of the preview of "Naughty Marietta," with fans swooning right and left. "Well, how does it feel to be a great actor?" director Woody Van Dyke asked Hollywood's new favorite who was still slightly groggy from it all. "But I'm not an actor," mourned Nelson. "I know that," said Van Dyke, "but how does it feel?"

Van Dyke, Hollywood's funny-man director who claims that his ambition is to get enough money so that he can push girls in mink coats into swimming pools, has become not only Nelson Eddy's favorite director but one of his best friends, and you can be very sure that the dynamic Van would not put up with Nelson if he were a dull boy.

In "mufti," while broadcasting. He has never had a screen role in which he could wear regular clothes. (Below) Nelson's mother, Mrs. William Darius Eddy.



On the set Mrs. Eddy's son is the gayest of gay. He does not go in for moods and retire to his dressing room between takes. Wherever a group forms, he becomes a part of it. He has a loud contagious laugh and ever so often he will raise his voice in song and fairly bellow across the stage. One day he will tinker with a guitar, the next day it will be an accordion. Several days on the "Rosalie" set, much to the amusement of Eleanor Powell and Frank Morgan, he endeavored to conquer the ball on the string trick. He just about had it mastered when he missed and the ball clunked him on the head. That was the end of that. He knows when he is licked.

It is always Mr. Eddy who picks up the check when a group of workers or players have lunch in the Metro commissary. He has never been accused of being stingy. And that, in Hollywood, where the great artists have their original nickels, is really something.

As a kid he was the greatest correspon- [Continued on page 70]

THE SINGING COLONEL

Grace Moore—A Diva At The Metropolitan Opera House And A Star In Hollywood—Is Also A Colonel In Tennessee Commanding An Army Of Fans.

By
Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

RECENTLY, while shopping in one of the most spacious of department stores in Chattanooga, I stood and meditated thinking of the time when not so long before I had stood in that same place and listened to the lyrical singing of Tennessee's greatest and most beautiful woman singer. Of course the music had emanated from none other than our own lovely Grace Moore. At that time she was visiting her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Richard L. Moore, who had just moved to Chattanooga from their twenty-five-year abode in Jellico.

The people of historic Chattanooga had admitted the notable couple to their hearths and since most of them loved to shop in the Colonel's store there was no wonder that, large as it was, Grace was never able to enter without receiving a sizeable portion of attention. On this particular day, shoppers had even gone so far as to ask her to sing for them. And, being the good scout that she is, and loving the people of her state as she does, Grace simply couldn't resist.

So, as might be expected, this golden-voiced exuberant diva climbed upon a counter and, without any accompanist, rendered one of the most brilliant and sincerely appreciated appearances of her entire career. For Grace is a real Southerner and she loves to sing to the people of the Old South. I can still visualize that rapt throng as it milled around the "counter stage" and literally brought the house down with its happy and enthusiastic applause.

Though this girl of rapturous trills was born far distant from the Great White Way and the Golden Horseshoe there is no question but that she now merits and receives the plaudits of both forums. Today she is a star in many fields. Not only has she brought audiences of the Metropolitan Opera House to their feet



Grace and her husband, Valentin Parera. (Right) While she was living in this modest house in Jellico, Tenn., Grace made her first public appearance, bringing to the world her marvelous gift of song.



A scene from the Columbia production, "I'll Take Romance," Grace Moore's latest picture.

with salvos of cheers, but she has become one of the outstanding artists in the field of radio. She has proved to the entertainment world that cinema seekers appreciate operatic music on the silver-screen as do those far famed "first nighters" of Broadway. Another remarkable feature is her beauty. Instead of being a huge and awesome creature, like some prima donnas that we know, she is alive with personality and pulchritude. She was selected by the late Florenz Ziegfeld as one of the ten most beautiful women in the world, and was also chosen by Baron George Hoyningen-Huene (internationally famous photographer) as one of the world's thirteen supreme beauties.

But greater than any of these, to Miss Moore at least, is her latest starring achievement. For in this field she becomes the one and only feminine star in the complete horizon of her own home State of Tennessee. Only a short time ago that climactic victory was won when, on November 30, at a concert given by her at the Homecoming of the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, she was formally awarded by Governor Gordon Browning of that state, the first and only feminine title of COLONEL.

"This is the greatest thrill of my life!" she said upon being informed that she would be made a Tennessee Colonel. And well it may have been for, indeed, the honor is a highly coveted one.

Born and reared in the foothills of the Cumberland mountains this favored daughter, who combines breathless beauty with intelligence and unlimited talent, represents the upper strata of some of the very purest blood in America. [Continued on page 72]

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

To

STUART ERWIN

He Has To
Keep Boobing
All The Time
To Supply The
Demand For
His Baffled,
Confuddled
Funny Char-
acter.

STU is well liked and one proof of this is his nickname. He may be Stuart to his family, but he is Stu to the rest of the world. He is of the "better" sort of comics and his puzzled, good-natured stupidity brings abundant laughter to one and all. And he doesn't have to wear trick boots or funny pants either. To see him wrestling with the great problems that complicate his screen existence is to witness a masterpiece of impersonation. Or maybe you think that's the way he is. Well, you ought to see his income tax report!



June Collyer gave up her screen career to throw in her lot with old Stu and no regrets have yet been heard from Mr. and Mrs. Erwin.



With Melvyn Douglas and Grace Moore in "I'll Take Romance." Repulsed again!



(Above) Joyce Compton and our backward child in "Small Town Boy." (Top, left) With Marjorie Weaver in "Second Honeymoon." (Left) Caution robs him of the fine frenzy of love. A scene from "Mr. Boggs Steps Out," with Toby Wing. (Right) Stu and Jane Withers in "Checkers," a racing story.





In the loyal heart of Frances Farmer will always be enshrined the name of her first picture, "Rhythm on the Range."



Claude Rains, who, in his first speaking part, had much to do with the extraordinary success of "Crime Without Passion." (Below) It only required "Bill of Divorcement" to establish Katharine Hepburn. (In corner) Sonja Henie became a star of the first magnitude on the showing of "One in a Million." (Next) Luise Rainer, triumphant since "Escapade," her first film.



ONE PICTURE PEOPLE

Players Whose First Pictures Gave Proof Of Their Great Talents Go Happily Toward A Smiling Future.

THE producer who makes the decision to put his money back of an unknown player deserves a hand for his good judgment in selecting the play, the cast and the director which are to bring the stranger into the circle of established stars. Some actors of undoubted talent have to try, fail and try again many times before they strike the right part and the right play to put them over, and some capable ones remain "supporting players" all their lives.

How fortunate then are the ones, who in their first parts, find the golden opportunity and make good. Their names are spoken across the continents and over the seas and the rest of their lives will be happier because of the few hours at the beginning of their careers when fortune smiled upon them.

nor Powell came
ping into star
ortance in
adway Melody
of 1936."

(Top) Fernand Gravet made "The King and the Chorus Girl" and his own reputation in one effort. (Right) Lily Pons' first picture, "I Dream Too Much," revealed her great charm and wonderful voice.

(Right) Since "Morocco" Marlene Dietrich has advanced to the point where she can even make a film without showing her legs. (Extreme right) Freddie Bartholomew came from England to play David Copperfield and sprang into first place among the youngsters.

(Left) "They Won't Forget" brought Gloria Dickson into deserved prominence. (Right) "The Farmer Takes a Wife" was a story of the opening of an important canal in New York State. It will be remembered for the performance of Henry Fonda.



THE BEST SINCE

Is The Hollywood Woman The Nearest To Perfection That Can Be Found?

OF COURSE, she must have a voice whose muted chords can add strange meanings to her spoken words, or she must be blessed with resonance cavities in her throat which give her singing voice that quality called timbre. She must be rhythmic and dance-gifted, but these gifts will count as very little unless she is also fashioned so gorgeously that her every measurement and proportion qualifies her to be the mold, model and mannequin for that wonderful creature, the Modern Woman.

Her face must have beauty; her profile, character; her figure, allure; and her mind, understanding!

(Right) Rosalind Russell can stand the harshest lighting and still her mouth shows the form which is the hallmark of strength, of poetic recklessness and of a tender heart.



(Above) The angel beauty of Anita Louise is a mask for Ideality. At last is the form of *Woman* that has survived through the ages in the marbles of ancient Greece. It is Betty Grable and all the grace of perfect proportion is hers. (Below) A profile, poorly lighted but blessed with a forehead of great beauty—Gail Patrick.



Whether dressed in a sarong in the jungle or in a gown of shimmering sequins, Dorothy Lamour has the figure that is the ideal of this day and hour.



CLEOPATRA?

(Right) Claudette Colbert and her bangs. She has a pointed little nose, with wonderful eyes.



(Left) The face of Carole Lombard has a rare delicacy that is her ticket to our regard.



(Above) The actress of Hollywood who has never taken a weak line nor acted like a weak character. Subtle? Yes. Gentle? No. Because Kay Francis is strong in the great things that require *Might*. (Right) Ginger Rogers leans nonchalantly and this grace and ease is the result of dancing muscles. Poise is never the product of weakness. (Below) Myrna Loy has a funny little nose. Possibly it is the reason that she ranks as No. 1 in the firmament of stars.



When Alice Faye dresses in the long lines of accordion pleats, it is to make herself look a little taller. But that isn't necessary. She's tall enough now. She comes up to our heart and stops there.



Every Minute The
Movie Stars Are Being
Photographed—For
Either Scene Stills, Publicity
Or Just For The Hell Of It.

THE players who have qualified for screen roles find the spotlight of every-day life hard to take. That air of importance which surrounds them makes many a star feel ridiculous. Then there is all that money coming in! They want to play their off-screen parts quite modestly, for in their innermost souls they know the debt they owe to luck.

Shirley Temple has a grand time dancing in her picture, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and Bill Robinson is again in step with the Littlest Lady.

While on a location trip, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ginger Rogers find time to enjoy a cross country canter. (Below) Merle Oberon in a tricky house robe, answers her phone, and clever Merle knows all the answers.



(Above) In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," David Niven stares at Claudette Colbert as she twists about in her figured bathing suit. It is a scene from the picture and the young man is at work, *actually*. (Right) Visitors. Ray Milland is glad to show the studio to some distinguished folks from home... Sir Henry and Lady Brackenbury. (Below, right) Vera Zorina, who dances in "The Goldwyn Follies," is being propositioned by the Ritz Brothers. (Below) Rosemary Lane being kissed by Dick Powell. It is one of the less arduous tasks of picture making and Dick is a great hand for detail.



WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT



Frances Gifford does some stunts with Cole Brothers Circus, for publicity for the baby pony and also a casual mention of "Having Wonderful Time," in which she supports Ginger Rogers.



Robert Taylor, in England, lived at a Fifteenth Century farmhouse near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire. Bob thinks posing with a fork full of hay is pretty foolish, but he pulls a grin anyhow. (Below) Ray Bolger, after a few years on Broadway, easily falls into the habits of the Far West. He is listening with ear to the ground to hear if the indians are approaching.





Peasant kerchiefs are more popular than ever! Gloria Stuart ties hers gracefully in a loose knot in the back. The colors are bright blue combined with white and dull red to carry out the vivid scheme of her Tyrolean frock.



(Left to Right) Schiaparelli designed this striking Huss jacket of heavy wool in a bright green especially for love Danielle Darrieux, the new French star. It is lavishly trimmed with gold boullion embroidery in the manner of an office coat, and is worn over a simple white crepe evening gown. For informal dinners or night club wear Lynne Carver dons draped black crepe skirt to which is attached a V-neck blouse with an all-over printed scroll design in white, and a rolled collar of the same material. Ethereal Anita Louise chooses translucent smoke-gray marquisette for the billowing skirt of her formal gown, topped with a heart-shaped bodice of matching satin.

NIGHT AND DAY— UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

The Magnetic Screen Stars
Model Enchanting Resort
Fashions That Make One
Long To Fly South Toward
The Sun.



TIME was when only the extremely wealthy could afford to take a vacation in the South each winter when the snow comes around and wintry winds and pneumonia are not far behind. But now, with the marvelous cruises arranged by the various Travel Bureaus, featuring short treks to the Tropics at slightly more cost than it takes to go to the seaside or the mountains in the summer, many people plan their annual vacations in the winter instead. And for those of you who have planned in this way, these pages are primarily designed. They will give you a fair idea of what Hollywood considers suitable for wear in a warm, balmy climate. And for those of you who are not so fortunate, they will afford an eye-filling preview of next summer's fashions.





lay suits are varied and extremely well cut and colorful. (Above-right) Navy blue and white (the old standby) is Rita Johnson's selection. The halter is navy blue jersey, and the shorts and tricky pique jacket are bordered with navy blue suede lacing. (Left) Priscilla Lawson favors roman stripes in cotton for her suit, with a tiny white cotton bolero. Their sports shoes are of suede, harmonizing with their individual color combinations. (Extreme right-below) A fencing costume served as a model for this pert suit worn by Jacqueline Wells. Flame red flannel with white bone buttons fashions the jacket which tops a white silk jersey blouse and short pleated skirt.



(Above-left) Cotton is King apparently. For this utterly charming afternoon frock worn by Jacqueline Wells is of black and white printed pique combined with the same material in solid black. Her huge picture hat is of bright red linen and her sandals match it to perfection. (Above) Valerie Hobson, the English star, wears a French designed suit of lemon yellow silk linen with green face-cloth applique. Her soft pill box hat is also of silk linen with long silk matching tassel, and her bag is of green face-cloth.



Shirred taffeta in a ravishing shade of blue that closely resembles the Mediterranean sky fashions this Schiaparelli swim suit worn by Danielle Darrieux. Above she wears a play suit (also designed by Schiaparelli) of rough white linen with brown saddle stitching. The flared trunks are a decided innovation and give Danielle a grand opportunity to compete with Dietrich so far as her nether extremities are concerned.



FILMS SOON TO MAKE THEIR DEBU



Chas. Butterworth, Mae West and Chas. Winninger in "Every Day's A Holiday."



Ruth Donnelly, Jane Bryan and Edward G. Robinson in "A Slight Case of Murder."



Charles Ruggles, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in "Bringing Up Baby."



Mary Boland, Julius Tannen, and Ernest Truex in "Mama Runs Wild."



Don Ameche, Sonja Henie and Cesar Romero in "Happy Ending."



Walter Pidgeon, Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell in "Man-Proof."



Alice Faye, Joan Davis and Marjorie Weaver in "Sally, Irene and Mary." (Right) Scott Colton, Sarah Padden and Wyn Cahoon in "Forgotten Women."



Dean Jagger, June Travis and Wally Ford in "Exiled to Shanghai." (Right) William Hall, Leon Ames and Jane Wymann in "International Spy."



DON'T BE THE GIRL **WHO HAS TO** **TELEPHONE** **BOYS**



HONEY, YOU WOULD HAVE ROY CALLING YOU, IF...

THEN LOIS TOLD EDNA HOW SHE OFFENDED OTHERS BY PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS. EDNA BEGAN LUXING HER UNDIES DAILY. NOW...



OH, MISS EDNA, THEY'S BEEN A LOT OF CALLS FO' YOU! MISTAH ROY—HE CALLED FO' FIVE TIMES!

DON'T WORRY, HE WILL CALL AGAIN!



Avoid Offending

Girls who want to be popular never risk "undie odor." They whisk undies through Lux after each wearing. Lux takes away odor, saves colors.

Never rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali—these wear out precious things too soon, often fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX undies daily

LITTLE PLOTS



Solitaire introduces a sinister note in Frank Morgan's solitude.



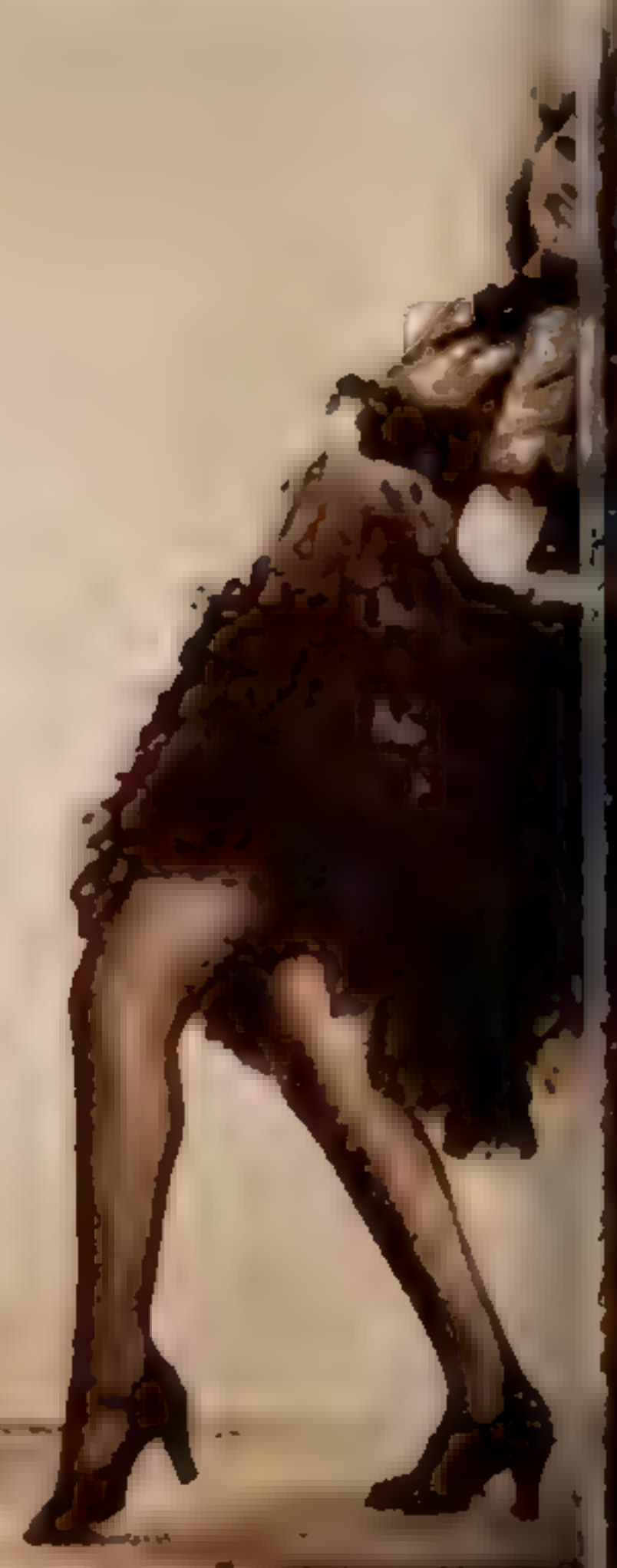
"The Big Apple" and "Shag" are dances for couples—



So Eleanor Whitney's solo might have another name—



How about "The Little Cabbage" or "The Cock-a-Doodle-Do?"



Or would "Mister" suit it



He realizes he will have to cheat a little.



Footsteps approaching? It's his conscience!



Ah! There it is. I win!



Franciska Gaal, dressed for the scene Where the pirates sail the Caribbean



Fred March saves her before she sinks; Wraps her up and gives her drinks.



(Above) W. C. Fields, soon to be seen in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," responds to the cheers of the deaf and dumb asylum.



(Below) Bobby Clark and Ella Logan in "The Gwyn Follies." Love conquers all and proves much for Ella.



N SEQUENCE SHOTS



Gladys Swarthout waits patiently for the cue from her announcer, Gary Breckner, before broadcasting on the United Charities Program. Lud Gluskin, the orchestra conductor, studies his score in the meantime. (Below) Gladys in full swing.



Ben Blue shows Lola Jensen and Terry Ray (see them all in "The Big Broadcast") how to thread a needle. Ben holds the thing so that the girls catch the needle's eye and when it winks Ben is on it like a flash—a Blue streak in fact.



**"CULTIVATE
CHARM
IN YOUR HANDS"**

says

Joan Bennett
(Walter Wanger Star)

"IF A GIRL wants to play romantic parts in the pictures," says Joan Bennett, "she finds soft, smooth hands a great help. I think every girl should cultivate charm in her hands for the sake of her own real-life romance." It's easy to have charming hands—if you use Jergens regularly!



Joan Bennett with Henry Fonda in Walter Wanger's success, "I MET MY LOVE AGAIN".

Hands need not Chap and Roughen ...when Lotion GOES IN

IT'S WORTH WHILE to care for your hands—prevent ugly chapping, redness and roughness that make them look so old.

Constant use of water, plus exposure to wind and cold robs hand skin of its beauty-preserving moisture.

But Jergens Lotion replenishes that moisture, because this lotion sinks

into the skin. Of all lotions tested lately, Jergens proved to go in the best. Leaves no stickiness! Contains two famous ingredients that many doctors use to soften and whiten harsh skin. Jergens is your shortest cut to velvety, young hands that encourage romance. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or \$1.00 at any beauty counter.



JERGENS LOTION

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IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT

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line up the headliners
of screen, air and stage
to give you your great-
est revel in romance,
beauty and song! The
grandest party of the
year, in the gayest spot
on earth!

HEAR

'Can't Teach My Old
Heart New Tricks'
'Let That Be A Lesson
To You'
'I've Hitched My Wagon
To A Star'
'I'm Like A Fish Out
Of Water'
'Silhouetted In The
Moonlight'

Directed by
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Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice
Leo and Richard Macauley · Original
Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and
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**BENNY GOODMAN
& HIS ORCHESTRA**

The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies!



BACKGROUNDS By NATURE & Co

WE DO not wish to belittle the studio geniuses and their marvels, but Nature does pretty well, too. And when a picture story is told in the "dappled shade" of which poets have sung, there comes to most of us a pleasant consciousness of the lavish gifts of beauty of the world we live in.



(Top) Fay Wray and Kent Taylor in a sylvan setting for "Deadlocked." (Above) The desert had to be visited for "The Adventure of Marco Polo." . . . Gary Cooper and Ernest Truex. (Left, above) A scene from "Sailing Along." The little figure is Jesse Matthews. (Left, center) George Brent in a scene from "Gold Is Where You Find It." A stream hurries over the spillway on its long trip to the sea. (Left) In "A Yank at Oxford" the camera catches the simple beauty of rippled water and the dancing reflections upon it during the boat races.

THERE was considerable delay on the set due to the fact that Freddie March's costume of the pirate LaFitte had been torn to pieces in a heavy action scene and the wardrobe women were hard at work sewing him together again.

Cecil B. DeMille, star-maker, he of the abbreviated riding breeches and diamond-studded wrist watches, was pacing up and down the set of "The Buccaneer," deep in thought, when a very beautiful young lady came on the set. Everybody turned to look at her—she was ravishingly beautiful. Everybody, that is, but C.B. himself, who took one quick glance at her and then called for his script.

One of the DeMille staff—they are numerous—approached him.

"How about a test for that beautiful young lady who is watching us over there?"

DeMille looked up.

"I am not interested in beautiful young ladies for the screen. Beauty is the cheapest thing in Hollywood."

DeMille says that in the two decades and upwards that he has been making Hollywood productions, he has never selected beautiful women for leading roles in pictures for the simple reason that your true beauty, in the classical sense, is too posey, too stilted, too unwilling to reflect emotions and thus ruffle the beautiful calm of her classic features. Spoiled by life she does not feel the inner urge to improve herself, to be pleasing or to exhibit feeling.

"But," says C.B., "all my leading women have had the ability to create the illusion of beauty. Sarah Bernhardt and Duse are examples of what I mean when I say 'create the illusion of beauty.' Neither was a beauty in the accepted sense. Bernhardt was slender and her features anything but classic. But to the day of her death, crippled as she was, she could come on the stage and by the alchemy of her talent produce the illusion of a young and beautiful Camille. This power is far more precious than beauty."

DeMille lists three prime requisites for a star. They are: first,



The latest De Mille find.

WHEN C.B. PICKS 'EM THEY STAY PICKED

By Aileen St. John Brenon

What Does A Searcher For Picture Girls Look For?



Cecil B. DeMille, Master Director.

(A Short Short, Complete On This Page.)

on European stages. When she came to America a few months ago to play the little Dutch girl in "The Buccaneer," she was a brunette, but DeMille discovered by looking over some old pictures that in reality she is blonde and made her go back to light hair.

Young Gaal's most exciting quality is to be found in her eyes, which are brown and sparkle with the joy of living. She has extraordinary vitality, and for all her petite figure and soft feminine charm is a thorough-going sportswoman. Shooting game and fishing are her favorite sports. She rides, swims, plays tennis and dances, and—when she can—skis.

"But, above all," says C.B., proudly, "she has the ability to think an emotion and does not depend on her beauty alone to overcome the difficulties she encountered."

Personality. Second, ability which presupposes brains. And third comes good looks.

Eyes, he says, are of paramount importance, since they are, as Leonardo da Vinci expressed it, "the windows of the soul." Pretty feet and trim ankles are something DeMille has always felt to be prime requisites. Her beautiful feet and ankles got Nita Naldi her first big vamp part from DeMille. He chose Gloria Swanson, an ex-Sennett girl, because of her vivid, dynamic emotion. He saw Bebe Daniels in half

a reel of comedy film and, sensing her basic exoticism, gave her her first dramatic role. He selected Leatrice Joy for fame because of her innate "perfect ladyhood." Florence Vidor's pretty ankles influenced him in selecting her as a perfect type of aristocratic lady. Claudette Colbert played in "The Sign of the Cross" because she had "the most mischievous eyes in Hollywood."

In his next picture, "The Buccaneer," he is introducing a new star, a petite Viennese, Francisca Gaal, to the American screen. He repeats that she is not beautiful in the accepted sense but possesses an indefinable quality—a blend of Helen Hayes, Elisabeth Bergner and Mary Pickford—praise from Caesar, indeed. She has played everything from the title role in "Peter Pan" to Lady Macbeth



On the firing line—DeMille in action.

THE IMPATIENT LOVERS

Careers Take So Many
Years But Love Comes
All Of A Sudden In
Screen Stories.

(The cast will be found at the end of this story.)

By
Jack Bechdolt

Fictionization of
"Crashing Holly-
wood." Released
by RKO=Radio
Pictures. Produced
by Cliff Reid and
directed by Lew
Landers. Screen
Play By Paul Ya-
witz and Gladys
Atwater. From The
Play By Paul Dickey
and Mann Page.



Michael Winslow (Lee Tracy) puts over his scenario idea with Mr. Crisby (James Conlin) the producer's private secretary. (Right) Barbara Lang (Joan Woodbury) realizes with horror the menace to her love.

IT WAS a big day for Jefferson City. It was a bigger day for Barbara Lang. The prettiest girl in town was going to Hollywood to crash the movies.

In honor of the great occasion all the members of the Ladies Wednesday Afternoon Motion Picture and Dramatic Circle were grouped about the observation platform at the tail end of the California Flyer. All the reporters and news photographers in town were there to record the scene. A fair sized crowd of people who had nothing else to do was there. And, of course, Barbara was there.

Barbara in her full skirted organdie dress and picture hat! Barbara, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her blue eyes like twin stars, her pretty lips parted in dazzling smiles as she posed with the club leaders while the cameras clicked. Jefferson City was proud of Barbara and she was rapturously happy, looking forward to the beginning of this glamorous career upon which the kind hearted club ladies had launched her.

Michael Winslow, about to board the flyer, was one of those caught in the press of people around the observation platform. A tall and presentable young man clinging tightly to a bulging portfolio he stood on tiptoe in the crowd, staring straight at Barbara, whom he had never seen before. Michael forgot where he was. He forgot that he, too, was on his way to Hollywood. He forgot that clutched under his arm was the portfolio in which were manuscripts of motion pictures not yet produced—manuscripts that were going to make his fortune. All he could see or think about was Barbara. What a girl!

A mother with two babies in arms and leading two toddlers by the hand, pressed through the crowd.

"Help me on the train," she snapped at the young man. He merely stared at Barbara, his mouth open and his expression that of a man just hit by a truck. When she thrust the babies into his arms he accepted them in a daze and followed the mother meekly.

"Now Miss Lang, please," said the news photographers. "Just one more, with your hat on this time. Look like a movie star . . ."

Barbara smiled and posed. Behind her passed Michael, carrying the two strange babies. The cameras clicked just as a baby

hand, reaching out in passing, tore the lovely lady's hat off. At the same time the clasp of Michael's brief case, catching in Barbara's organdie dress, tore off her skirt. Barbara had met a man she was not to forget soon.

In the dusk of that day Barbara sat alone on the observation platform. Ever retreating from her lay the winding ribbon of tracks. The rhythmic clack-clack of wheels told of the lessening miles between her and Hollywood, goal of so many ambitions, mecca of so many heartbreaks. No fear of heartbreaks entered Barbara's thoughts. Was she not young? And lovely? And was she not endorsed by the Ladies Wednesday Afternoon Motion Picture and Dramatic Circle and financed by public subscription of her admiring home town!

A young man with a pipe came out of the club car. Their eyes

met. The temperature of a genial spring evening suffered a sharp drop, chilled by the icy indignation of a young woman whose best organdie skirt has been ruined.

"You don't like me?" said Michael ingratiatingly.

"I don't see what difference that makes—"

"I'm the kind of fellow, when you first meet me you don't like me," he admitted. "But after you know me better—you *hate* me."

His frankness won him a giggle. Michael took hope. He applied himself energetically to interesting her and half an hour of his efforts ended in her joining him for dinner. She noticed with rising curiosity that he carried the brief case to the diner, nor would he tell her what was in it.

Other things Michael told her without hesitation. Some of his thoughts and emotions he expressed in words and many in significant glances and dramatic pantomime. Her beauty had staggered him; her wit entranced him; her sweetness made him her slave for life. Somehow she gathered all this from his behavior and her own heart began to beat faster. Examined critically and under such circumstances Michael was the most attractive man she had ever met. By the time he said goodnight at her stateroom door she was wondering if a great movie star could find room in her life for a truly happy marriage. Of course it would take a bit of managing, but somehow she could not see her career without Michael . . . perhaps Michael might mean even more than a brilliant career!

Two other persons aboard the California Flyer were thinking intently about Michael Winslow that night. Goldie and Herman Tibbets had had their eye on him since he boarded the train.

Herman was a meek looking little sawed-off runt, as mild as a cup custard with cream. He was one of those middle-aged men who might have been the model for Casper Milquetoast but had, in fact, been the right hand man in one of the most dangerous mobs of bank bandits the country had known since the James boys. Herman was only that day out of a middle western penitentiary and Goldie and he were going to California to start a duck ranch.

Goldie was the enterprising one in the Tibbets family. In the station she had overheard Michael Winslow trying to insure the contents of his brief case for fifty thousand dollars. Naturally she jumped to the conclusion that Michael was packing fifty grand in the bag. A newspaper clipping, dropped by Michael,

gave her the rest of her information. The clipping told of an absconding bank cashier who had got away with fifty thousand dollars. Goldie's simple idea was that she and Herman would capture Michael for the police and claim the reward.

"Goodnight, Michael," Barbara said, smiling at him from her stateroom door.

"See you for breakfast?"

he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, but don't wait up." She closed the door and leaned against it, thoughtful. There was something about Michael that made him different from other men. Career or no career, it certainly looked as if she must keep on having him around.

And then she thought, "Why, he's a perfect stranger! I never saw him until a few hours ago. He might be anybody—even a crook for all I know!"

She looked doubtfully at the thin partition that separated her stateroom from Michael's. Just then from the other side of the partition came the hoarse, terrifying voice of Herman Tibbets: "Gimme that brief case, sucker, if you know what's good for you!"

Michael's voice protested, "What's all this about?"

Then Goldie's voice, tougher than Herman's: "It's about fifty grand worth of stolen bonds, hadn't you heard?"

"But you're making a big mistake—" Michael began.

"You made the mistake, Sonny Boy, when yuh stole them bonds," Herman snarled.

There! Barbara knew it! This Michael Winslow was a bond thief. He hadn't even given her his right name!

From Michael's stateroom came sounds of a fight . . . the thud of a falling body . . . Michael's despairing groan. Barbara blanched and trembled. His fellow thieves had attacked him. Had injured him. Perhaps killed him! She ran to get help.

When she returned with the conductor and some of the train crew they demanded admittance to the stateroom—and got it. Inside were seated three people, Michael, Herman and Goldie. Each was reading a manuscript. Each was innocently surprised at an interruption. Barbara's rescue fell flat. There was nobody to rescue.

It didn't improve her temper any to seem silly in the eyes of the train crew. Nor did it allay her suspicions of Michael. That seemingly peaceful scene in the stateroom, to Barbara meant only that the three



(Left) Michael reassures Barbara, while Herman Tibbets (Paul Guilfoyle) lies helpless. (Above) Goldie Tibbets (Lee Patrick), Herman and Michael argue over the \$50,000 brief case.

crooks had patched up their quarrel. Michael was the guiltiest of them, the ringleader! She had been warned not to talk to strange men she met on trains and look what had happened. She had almost fallen in love with a crook!

Barbara did not have breakfast with Michael next morning. When they reached Los Angeles they met on the platform in spite of her efforts to dodge him. Michael wanted to explain. "Don't bother," she said icily.

"But I've got to see you again. Where shall I call you?"

"I'll call you," she stormed. "I can find the numbers of all the jails in the phone book." She leaped into a cab then. From

its window she saw Michael turn away, baffled. With him were his two fellow crooks, Herman Tibbets and Goldie. Her angry tears blotted out that scene.

Hollywood, Cinderella's own home town, absorbed the girl from Jefferson City without surprise, without compassion, without so much as a leer. Hollywood sees girls like Barbara arriving by the tens of thousands. They exist in its cheap bungalow boarding houses; they throng the offices of casting directors; they plan and jostle and wait for the big chance that will come along surely . . . tomorrow. And that tomorrow comes to few of them. For the great majority tomorrow is only another yesterday with



the money growing less, with the hopes shrivelling and dying, with the question of mere existence becoming daily a more insoluble problem.

Barbara tramped from studio to studio enduring the daily snubs, the discouragement, the loss of faith in herself. Finally came the day, as it comes to so many, when she acknowledged that Hollywood had her licked. There was nothing for it but to return to Jefferson City and a humble job.

That bitter night she walked down Hollywood Boulevard and saw the great crowd, the flood lights, the special police detail and massed cars—all the ballyhoo of a big premiere. Like thousands of others she paused for a glimpse of some of the fortunate ones in silks and ermine who were passing into the theatre. And so she saw three people step from a glistening limousine, Goldie and Herman and Michael! So, crime did pay and they were wallowing in their ill-gotten profits!

While she stared, Goldie spied her and seized her by the arm. They dragged her into the theatre and seated her beside Michael and began explaining. The premiere was for Michael's own film, the first of a new crime series, "The Trail of the Hawk." Michael was the reigning success at Wonder Studios. Goldie and Herman were successes too, collaborating with Michael in the series of crime stories.

"And I thought you were a crook," Barbara whispered. "When I heard Goldie talk about stolen bonds, naturally I thought—"

"Don't you ever think again," Michael said masterfully. Then he kissed her.

Hugo Wells, the astute president of Wonder Films, saw the kiss, saw the happy light in their eyes and made one of his famous snap decisions. "Hire that young woman at once," said Wells. "Winslow's rate of production has been too slow, just because he couldn't find that girl. Now he's found her, put her under contract. She'll be a good influence on his work."

Barbara no longer tramped from studio to studio; she no longer skimmed her meals and wondered if she could pay next week's room rent. She had a contract and a guaranteed salary and all she had to do to earn it was stay around Michael and be a good influence on his work. It seemed too good, too marvelous to last—and it didn't last. The one thing that lasts in Hollywood is the rule that nothing lasts.

Herman Tibbets had proved a very helpful collaborator in the writing of Michael's story, "The Trail of the Hawk." There was a real Hawk in Herman's past, the brains of the bank robbing gang and in depicting the adventures of Michael's fictitious character Herman drew on his intimate knowledge of the Hawk's technique. While success surged and beat like a rising tide about Michael and Barbara and Herman and Goldie the real Hawk dropped into a picture show and saw all his business secrets exposed upon the screen. He came away from the theatre very sore.

"They won't get away with that," said the Hawk to Al, his bodyguard. "You and me are scrambling for Hollywood and we're going to show that wise-guy writer he can't make crooks out of us. Why, he's even got an actor that looks just like me playing my part!"

At about that time among the eighty million other people who saw Michael's new film were Alexander Peyton, a bank president, and Robert Decker, head of a detective agency. The real Hawk had robbed Peyton's bank and here, on the screen, was a play that revealed a too intimate knowledge of how it had been done. To Peyton and Decker it was obvious that the crook who robbed the bank was also the crook who wrote the scenario. They, too, started at once for Hollywood to make life unpleasant for Michael Winslow.

The day had started happily for Barbara.



Barbara's suspicions were aroused. She could only see that Michael was a crook and hounded by the law.

Michael had greeted her with kisses and every evidence of love. He was working hard, finishing the second picture in his series "The Trail of the Hawk." When that was done there would be a little holiday, time to find a minister and go through a marriage ceremony . . . yes, it started as a very happy day!

Then, while she typed on the new sheets of the great crime series, two visitors arrived. Two gentlemen of obvious integrity and position, a bank president and the head of a big detective agency. In an hour's talk they managed to shake all her faith in Michael.

"The evidence we've outlined is as good as a confession from Michael Winslow," Decker said.

"In all your association with Winslow," Peyton argued, "has there been nothing to arouse your suspicions? Think it over, Miss Lang!"

With a shudder her mind turned back to that night on the California Flyer. Her suspicions had been roused then. And despite Michael's reassurances her suspicions were roused again, for how could Michael know so much about crime if he were not, in fact, a criminal! Her quickened imagination saw the tragic ending loom large

before her. These men would arrest Michael. The law would sentence him to spend the rest of his life in a penitentiary. They could not marry. They could not ever see each other again!

She made an excuse to leave the visitors and rushed to Michael, secluded in an inner office. "Mr. Peyton is here," she gasped.

He looked up with a smile. "One of the Austin bank Peytons? Invite him to the house—"

"He has a detective with him! Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Sure. Two extra plates for dinner."

"Michael," she pleaded. "You've got to tell me. Were you and Herman in on that bank robbery?"

"We were not," he answered emphatically. He was beginning to lose patience.

"Then how did you know so much about it?" Barbara persisted. The frown between Michael's eyes creased suddenly. "So, I'm a crook again. Now listen, Barbara—"

Barbara exploded then. Terror and grief combined to destroy all common sense. She could only see that Michael was a crook and that the law menaced him and that he was insane enough to think he could bluff it out with her.

"I had you spotted right all along. You're a criminal and I don't want any part of you!"

"All right, then, I am," Michael shouted in answer. "If it makes you happy to think so, I am a crook. Now go away and let me get my work done!" He hurled himself back at his typewriter and the keys rattled. Barbara slammed the door hard enough to shake the building.

Between irritation at Michael's stubborn denials and despair over their future she was half hysterical. But more than half hysterical was Goldie Tibbets who at that moment barged into her. Goldie clawed at her arm.

"Listen," she babbled, "the Hawk's here. Right on this lot!"

"The Hawk?" Barbara began.

"I mean the real Hawk. Sure, there's a real Hawk. He's the mug that got poor Herman to take the rap for that bank robbery. That guy is dynamite and he ain't here just to play kissing games. He's got Al with him. He's sore about that picture of him and he's here to rub out Herman and Michael—and maybe me, too!"

The pallid women clutched at each other. Just then out of the door of Stage 9 where the last sequence of "The Trail of the Hawk" was being shot, lounged a figure that caused Goldie to utter a shrill yelp.

"That's him, Barbara! The Hawk!"

The man they watched strode to a quiet

[Continued on page 64]

ANNOUNCEMENT

Of all the men in Hollywood the life of Errol Flynn is the most adventurous and picturesque. It is colored by the tropical heat of far countries and by the sentiment of his Irish birthplace. The Projection story for March will be unusually interesting and give you a closer understanding of this extremely popular Warner player, Errol Flynn.

* * *

There are players in pictures who, long before they reached Hollywood, were inspired by the vision before their eyes of success and fame, and this vision changed their entire lives. Read Gladys Hall's true story in the March issue.

* * *

Many other entertaining features will be in our March issue, as well as many fascinating photographs of the stars at work and at play. On sale February 11th.

DO THE gals go for "Galahad?" Yes! And you can quote me! It really isn't necessary to explain that this "Galahad" is Wayne Morris, the husky blond lad who delivered the knockouts in Warner Brothers' "Kid Galahad" and punched his way into almost overnight popularity with film fans—but he's the fair-haired boy that I'm talking about.

Motion picture magazines and Hollywood gossip columns in newspapers are filled with stories about Wayne these days, and I'm happy to see him in the publicity spotlight—but it seems that no writer has given a clear, personalized word portrait of the smiling smoothie, Wayne Morris, that I know. So I'll tell you of my friendship with him.

On June 2, 1937, my Chicago newspaper film review column was devoted to "Kid Galahad." Concerning Wayne's performance, I commented:

"Although unknown to film fans NOW, young Wayne Morris will have gained wide popularity, I predict, by the time 'Kid Galahad' has shown at theaters throughout the nation. Morris is young, handsome, husky, and extremely pleasant to the ear and eye. He has the most unquarrelsome personality ever screened and gives his character naive charm.

"There's a thrill for everybody in 'Kid Galahad' and it is my opinion that this young man, Wayne Morris, is going places in the movie-making business!"

As is customary following a successful performance of new screen stars, I mailed the review clipping to Wayne, accompanied by a note of encouragement. A few days later, I received the following note from him:

"Dear Miss Smith:—Thank you so much for the swell letter and the wonderful review of 'Kid Galahad.' I certainly do appreciate the

interest and encouragement that you gave me.

"I've never been to Chicago but you can be assured that the first thing I will do when I get there will be to come right up and thank you personally. Thanking you again, I remain, WAYNE MORRIS."

That note IS the real Wayne Morris—grateful for praise, unassuming, boyish and charming.

So many people asked me about Wayne after seeing him as "Kid Galahad," that I made up my mind to interview him first when I went to Hollywood last Summer.

We met, quite unexpectedly, on my first night in Hollywood. It was about 8:30 at night and I was walking out of the Knickerbocker Hotel with a friend, on my way

to dinner. Wayne came striding into the lobby on those long legs of his and we bumped—yes, bumped!—into each other in the doorway.

He grinned that famous "Galahad" grin and started to apologize. Naturally, I recognized him and introduced myself. He was completely bowled over and immediately became very shy.

"Geel!" he exclaimed, "I'm sure glad to meet you! That story you wrote about me was really something!"

Noticing that I was with a friend, he apologized again for delaying me, and asked:

"When are you coming out to Warner Brothers?"

I told him that I would be at the studio

FUN TO BE WITH

Wayne Morris Never Thinks About "Swank" But Steps Out With Style When He's Dancing.

By
Maxine Smith

three days later, and he said:

"Will you please look me up when you come out? I'd really love to buy your lunch!"

It was agreed, the luncheon "date" was set, and so we said goodnight.

On the appointed day, I visited the Warner lot and my studio guide, Arthur Janisch, steered me over to the "Submarine D-1" set where Wayne was working with Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh in a scene directed by Lloyd Bacon.

When the scene was finished, Wayne literally galloped over to greet me. It was lunch time, so we strolled over to the "Green Room" (that section of the Warner's commissary reserved for executives, stars, producers, directors, etc.). Guide Janisch was along because studio representatives must "sit in" on all interviews to

The author, while visiting Hollywood, goes sailing with Wayne Morris! Something to tell Chicago about.



editorial material given to newspaper critics! Later, the studio publicity director joined us.

It was a grand noontime. To be honest, we did more laughing than serious interviewing at that luncheon! I found Wayne an extremely good-humored boy who couldn't quite figure out why anybody would WANT to interview him.

Knowing Hollywood actors as poseurs of the first rank, I figured that he was affecting the fresh-faced-young-man act for my benefit. But I found out later that it was the McCoy!

He told me that he was hankering after the role of a forest ranger in a picture which the Brothers Warner were preparing

[Continued on page 65]

TRUE CONFESSION

ANOTHER SCREWY COMEDY—BUT IN THE UPPER BRACKETS—Paramount

WE MIGHT just as well face the facts, this is one of the five funniest films of the year. Carole Lombard, who has more beauty and allure than most of the glamour girls in Hollywood, but who, unlike them, doesn't throw it at you, is perfectly at home in the role of Helen Bartlett, a lovely girl from a good family, but she simply couldn't tell the truth. Now Carole isn't a vicious liar, she just has a vivid imagination, and everytime she is about to pop out with a whopper she puts her tongue in her cheek. Which is exactly what you must do with this gay kidding comedy.

Carol's husband, Fred MacMurray, is a poor but honest young lawyer who believes that woman's place is in the home. In one of her efforts to bring more money into the family budget Carole becomes involved in a murder case, and the circumstantial evidence is so strong against her that she has to plead guilty with a "defending my honor" defense. Having convinced her husband that she really did it he defends her with a clear conscience and she is quickly acquitted.

Acquittal brings fame and fortune to Carole and every thing is beautiful until one day a slightly psychopathic bar-fly named Charley, our own Mr. John Barrymore, resenting Carole's enormous publicity and wealth, arrives at the Bartletts' summer home and tries to ruin everything by confessing that he is the murderer. Well, Carole has to do some fast lying to keep her husband after that, but she's capable of it.

The cast is superb. Una Merkel as Carole's protecting and protesting girl friend is simply grand and adds much to the hysterics. Standing out in small parts are Lynne Overman as a bartender, Edgar Kennedy as a wiseguy detective, and Porter Hall is a prosecuting attorney.

HITTING A NEW HIGH

COMEDY IN THE MODERN MANNER—WITH LILY PONS—RKO

AND now it is Lily Pons of the bell-like high notes who goes in for goofy comedy—much to the horror, I am sure, of the music lovers of the old school. But they will forgive her for cavorting around and showing her contours, I am also sure, when they hear her sing so exquisitely "Titania" from "Mignon," Saint-Saens' "Nightingale Song," and the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor." And just in case there are people in the audience who don't give a rap for the finer things in music the petite Lily obliges with a couple of popular songs and a swing number.

The story sounds like a little something that was

waiting for Wheeler and Woolsey to claim it, it is that daffy. Lily plays a Parisian cabaret girl who is eager to get an audition with the wealthy, and irresponsible, American impresario - adventurer, Lucius B. Blynn, played admirably by Edward Everett Horton. But he

had rather go big game hunting in Africa than hear Lily sing, so his press agent, Jack Oakie, perpetrates a gigantic hoax whereby Lily is smuggled into the jungle, dressed in a few feathers, and discovered by Mr. Horton flitting from limb to limb and singing far more beautifully than the birds.

Mr. Horton, who is a pushover for publicity, cages his "bird-girl" and ships her to New York where she becomes an immediate sensation. After much intrigue she is all set to make her operatic debut, but her band-leader boy friend from Paris, John Howard, catches up with her, and all for love she forsakes art and opera for John and swing. Mr. Horton is of course as mad as hell about the whole thing.



WELLS FARGO

A DRAMATIC PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY BECOMES ROMANTIC FILM FARE—Par.

THE years 1840 to 1870 were the most thrilling and romantic in the history of the West, and it is this period of American history which Producer-director Frank Lloyd brings so magnificently to the screen in his newest picture, which is a "cavalcade of early American transportation."



(Right) Pat O'Brien and Doris Weston are involved in a sailor romance in "Submarine D-1." Veda Ann Borg, at right, is love's menace. (Left) Ted Pearson and Cecilia Parker in "You're Only Young Once," making something out of youth.



REVIEW

Beginning in Batavia, New York, which at that time was the western end of the railroad, the story tells how Henry Wells persuaded Ramsay MacKay (splendidly played by Joel McCrea), an energetic young employee of his stage and express company to extend the service through the



(Above) John Boles and Luli Deste, a new beauty for our screens, in "She Married An Artist." (Left) A scene from "Tovarich," with Charles Boyer, Maurice Murphy and Anita Louise.



(Above) An illuminating moment from "Hitting a New High," with John Howard and the lovely little singer, Lily Pons. (Below, left) The pioneers in "Wells Fargo" — Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Bob Burns and the newest Forty-niner.

F PICTURES



bankers, Mary Nash and Ralph Morgan as Frances' southern parents, and John Mack Brown as a Confederate officer. And right here and now we want to go on record as screaming at the top of our lungs that Frances Dee will be simply perfect as Melanie.

SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE AGAIN—BUT WITH A LIGHT TOUCH—Columbia

THIS is the first American picture of the celebrated Luli Deste who is quite pretty, has a charming accent, and best of all a fine sense of comedy. Miss Deste will doubtless click with American audiences.

The story you have seen before under slight disguises but Miss Deste manages to give it quite a piquant touch. She plays a Parisian fashion designer who comes to New York and rushes right into a marriage with John Boles, a temperamental illustrator. Now it seems that Mr. Boles has a lovely and faithful model (Frances Drake), who has loved him secretly for years and without whom his work goes to pieces. His bride is necessary to his happiness and his model is necessary to his work which is

necessary to his happiness.

The last time you saw this it was called "Wife, Doctor and Nurse." Anyway, it is very breezy and amusing, and women in particular will enjoy it. Miss Deste gets off to a good start.

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY—M-G-M

HERE'S another of those little domestic comedy dramas which you will find extremely pleasing if you're the family type. Lewis Stone plays a wise and kindly father who takes his two children, Mickey Rooney and Cecilia Parker, to Catalina island for a summer vacation. Mickey immediately falls for a pretty little sixteen year old (a newcomer named Eleanor Lynn) who is on the "fast" side, and Cecilia is fascinated by a handsome lifeguard who has a wife in Santa Barbara but who is looking for a little summer diversion.

Well, you know about adolescent love. The children's parents rescue them in time, quite delicately, without destroying their loyalty. Fay Holden and Sara Haden are excellent as the mother and aunt respectively. Ted Pearson is the lifeguard and Ann Rutherford is Mickey's real sweetheart. Mickey Rooney plays Mickey Rooney—and is swell.

SUBMARINE D-1

THERE'S NO FOOTBALL IN THIS EXCITING DRAMA OF NAVY LIFE—W. B.

THIS is a highly instructive and interesting picture which, thanks to Uncle Sam, takes you behind the scenes in the U. S. Navy and gives you a lot of worthwhile information about the least known and most dangerous branch of the Navy. The climax of the picture—the rescue of the men from the submarine which lies helpless on the bottom of the ocean—is so thrilling that it will bring out the goose pimples.

Pat O'Brien plays an ambitious young officer of Submarine D-1 who is in love with Doris Weston. Also in love with Doris is that handsome Galahad, young Wayne Morris, who plays a cocky gob. Their friendly-enemy rivalry is interspersed by lively patter from Frank McHugh who is sort of the clown of the crew. George Brent is the officer in charge of the ill-fated submarine, and among his men are Regis Toomey and Ronald Reagan. Dennie Moore stands out in a small part as McHugh's man-hunting girl friend.

TOVARICH

IN WHICH SOME ROYAL RUSSIAN EMIGRES CAPTURE OUR HEARTS—W.B.

AT LONG last now the muchly discussed "Tovarich" comes to the screen. Claudette Colbert is nothing less than per-

[Continued on page 62]

PROTECT YOUR SKIN WHILE ENJOYING WINTER SPORTS

SONJA HENIE is going to sell a lot of ski and skate costumes without knowing it. For this appealing handful of grace and vivacity has brought out the skates from many a closet and chest and made us all long to cut figures in ice, or ski swiftly from some snow-clad hill like a blue or red bird. And a grand thing, for too many of us hug cozy chairs and warm corners at this time of the year. Frankly, we slump when it comes to facing snow, ice and wind. The slumpers miss some very good times and the finest of beauty treatments. There's nothing like real outdoor activity to keep that figure straight and slim, to force rapid circulation that clears and revitalizes skin like magic.

So let's forget comfortable corners and leave our satins and sequins hanging in the closet. Instead, let's get some simple outdoor togs and see how we look against the landscape. A ski-suit, for example, some stout shoes, woolen socks and one of those sports hoods that looks like a baby's bonnet. I'll wager you can look just like one of our magazine covers!

Before I get you outdoors, let me urge you to protect your skin. This warning is for all, whether on your way to school, shopping or business, or when participating in any winter sports. A little protection, and you go through the cold season smooth, silken, sleek. Otherwise, you will know the hurt of chapped, roughened, cracked skin. The wise winter girl uses her soap and water at night followed by a cream cleansing next morning. The cold-cream soaps seem especially good. Then, plenty of protective cream or lotion before make-up. Don't forget your neck, or it will develop that scuffy, dried-skin look. This makes the skin look shabby and leaves a whitish film on dark necklines. To do a thorough job, use your preparation over hands and wrists and well up the arms, and for real exposure, from ankles up to your thighs. Unprotected by winter coat or skirt, even if your play suit is warm, wind whips through and underskin is very sensitive.

Dorothy Gray makes Blustery Weather Lotion, and there is also Tussy Wind and Weather Lotion. Their names tell their purpose. Both are of the same school, light lotions, quickly absorbed by skin, grand for protecting first, then soothing afterwards. Germaine Monteil's Beauty Balm does a good protective job and so does Sundlyme Persian Lime Foundation Emollient. Antoine of Paris last year introduced Ski-Cream, with the sports-girl particularly in mind, and also gave us Ski-Lipstick, which combines the qualities of a soothing pomade with brilliant color. These are but a few of the preparations that will save you. Any good foundation—the oilier, the better—will do for skin, and the creamy lipstick helps prevent chapped lips. If your lipstick seems too dry, do this: smooth some cold cream or petroleum jelly over your lips, remove most of it and then apply an ordinary lipstick.

If you want to look truly smart for sports, temper your make-up. Forget your eye shadow, mascara and exotic powder. Instead, use enough protective preparation for a lustrous look and follow maybe with just a touch of cream rouge. Wind and cold will bring up your color. Use a very light

A Little Knowledge
Is A Wonderful
Thing When It
Comes To Keeping
Your Skin Soft And
Smooth No Mat-
ter How Cold The
Weather.

By Mary Lee

Rose Stradner, the Viennese star, who made such a hit in her first American film, "The Last Gangster," is enthusiastic about skiing, a sport that most of the screen stars in Hollywood have taken up seriously during the past few years.

dusting of powder in a warm shade, a brilliant lipstick and a touch of Maybelline or other cream over the lids to make you look vivid and young. This cream also protects the eye skin against squint lines that sun, glare and wind produce. With this make-up, you will have that clean, fresh, smart appearance, exactly right in the great outdoors.

Smoked or colored glasses are a boon to the eyes on snowy jaunts and you won't catch any of the stars off on snow jaunts to Sun Valley or other places without them.

Joan Blondell has just bought two new outfits, one for skiing and one for skating, and Rose Stradner, the newcomer from Vienna, is a lover of winter sports. Her picture illustrates the appeal of a natural appearance when garbed for winter fun. She looks comfortable, compact, smart. Comfort is essential. A pantie girdle, for instance, that stretches all ways with your figure. This light support gives warmth and does not restrict you. Woolen socks, because they're warm and cushion your feet against heavier shoes. And that reminds me, be sure your feet are in good condition, free of blisters, callouses or rubbed spots. If you have any foot ailment, step into your nearest drugstore and see the fine aids Dr. Scholl and Blue Jay have made for you. Make a note to remember these names in all foot emergencies for nothing gets us down like painful feet.

When you return from your jaunt, cleanse with cream and apply at once your



protective preparation, or any good cream, this time for soothing. For the snow-burned skin, and this winter burn is as bad as that of summer, must be treated much like that sunburn at the beach last year. If your eyes smart, use a good eye lotion, or apply eye cream about them and use eye pads. Lacking the specially treated ones, pads of absorbent cotton wrung from witch-hazel and warm water are good.

Primrose House has a smart idea—a Ski-Pack, small enough to strap onto your belt. It contains comb, glasses, a dry skin mixture, to be used before and after, and a white pomade lipstick and powder. This kit presumes that you want to look a la naturelle, in the manner of the Europeans. They grease their skin heavily and wear enormous goggles that practically disguise anyone. Antoine has also packed that Ski-Cream and Ski-Lipstick, already mentioned, together with a cleansing cream and tissues in a smart affair that looks like a binocular case, except it's in burlap, with rope handle and is decorated with a bright Salzburgish band. Distinctly new and really something! I have an idea bright girls will think of other smart uses for the case when the snows are gone. It's that good looking.

If you'll follow some of these ideas, you'll come out of winter on top with a good skin, a fine figure and, generally, in the pink, instead of at the bottom where we homefolk usually land, needing some good exercises and a course of face treatments to get us ready for a spring wardrobe!

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

*"Smooths lines out
marvelously — makes
texture seem finer,"*

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.

with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

**SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 7SS-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT



SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

Posed by professional models



NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

— gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new, costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, new pep and new charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. So successful has it been that you'll probably find cheap "Iron and Yeast" substitutes in any drug store. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.

FAMOUS OLD SOUTHERN RECIPES

By
Ruth Corbin

(All Recipes Pre-Tested)

THE South is justly famous for its fine cooking.

Nowhere is it possible to find such temptingly prepared, uniquely flavored food. The recipes given here have in many cases, never appeared in print before. All of them are old southern stand-bys which have withstood the test of time. You will notice that in many of the recipes sherry wine is used for seasoning. It is, perhaps, a small part of the secret southern cooks have learned to make their dishes a taste sensation.

GUMBO

- 2 cups tomatoes
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups finely cut okra
- 1/2 teaspoon celery seed or
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 cups chopped green peppers
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- Salt and pepper to taste

Fry onions in melted butter until a golden brown; add tomatoes, okra and hot water; season to taste. Cook until quite thick. Serve with boiled rice. By substituting 1 cup of corn, preferably green, 1 bay leaf and 1 tablespoon of filee powder for onions and green pepper, and adding a young chicken cut for frying this Southern Gumbo can be converted into Chicken Gumbo.

VEGETABLE BOUILLON

This was General Robert E. Lee's favorite soup. The recipe has been in my family since before the Civil War. Put 4 cups tomatoes in a saucepan with 2 cups of water. Add 1 stalk celery, 2 carrots, 1/4 a green pepper, *all chopped*; 2 sprigs parsley, 1 bay leaf, 2 teaspoons onion juice, salt and pepper to taste and let boil for 30 minutes. Strain. Add 1 wineglass of sherry wine and serve piping hot.

BRUNSWICK STEW

- 1 frying chicken
- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes
- 1 No. 2 can cream style corn
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 2 onions
- 1/2 cup sherry wine
- 1/2 cup okra, cut
- 1 can or 1 pound fresh lima beans

Brown onion in 2 tablespoons bacon grease; add chicken, cut into pieces and



Ann Shirley is trying her luck with Virginia Spoon Bread to please her husband, John Howard Payne, who hails from that state.

seasoned with salt and pepper. When chicken is done pour off grease and put chicken and onions in a dutch oven or a heavy aluminum saucepan. Add 3 cups water, tomatoes, sherry and 2 tablespoons Worcestershire Sauce. Cook slowly over low flame for 1/2 an hour, then add lima beans, okra and corn. Simmer 1 hour. Then add 2 tablespoons butter, bread crumbs and cook half an hour longer. This is a complete meal in itself. Poor man's Brunswick stew is easier to make. It is flavorful but not so tasty as above. It is made by cooking together 1 pound chopped meat—beef or veal or half and half—1 can tomatoes, 1 can corn, 1/2 cup okra, water, which must be replenished from time to time, and salt and pepper for an hour or longer.

CHESAPEAKE OYSTER LOAF

Cut off top crust of a loaf of bread, thick enough to use as a cover, and scoop out inside. Butter 1/3 of scooped out portion and toast in oven. Fry 2 dozen oysters in butter, add 1/2 cup cream, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, salt, pepper, 2 drops tobasco sauce and toasted bread. Fill hollowed loaf with mixture, cover with top crust and bake 20 minutes, basting frequently with liquor from oysters. Slice and serve hot.

TRIPE A LA CREOLE

Fry 2 tablespoons onion in 2 tablespoons butter. When cooked, add scant cup finely chopped green pepper, a little garlic, 1/2 cup strained tomatoes, a few chipped mushrooms, and 1/2 cup stock. Into this, when heated, put boiled rice. Add 1/2 tablespoon flour, to thicken, and salt and pepper to taste.

CRACKLING BREAD

Sift 3 cups water-ground meal and pour over it 2 cups boiling water. Mix till smooth then add 2 eggs, beating them in. Mix 1/2 teaspoon soda in little cold water and add; then add pinch salt, 1 cup sour milk and 1 cup cracklings. If cooked in a pan and then cut in squares, batter should be consistency of cake batter. If made into pones, the best way, it should be thicker. Either

[Continued on page 62]

A DREAM

Walking



FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for

them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that *sureness of yourself*, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low

surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

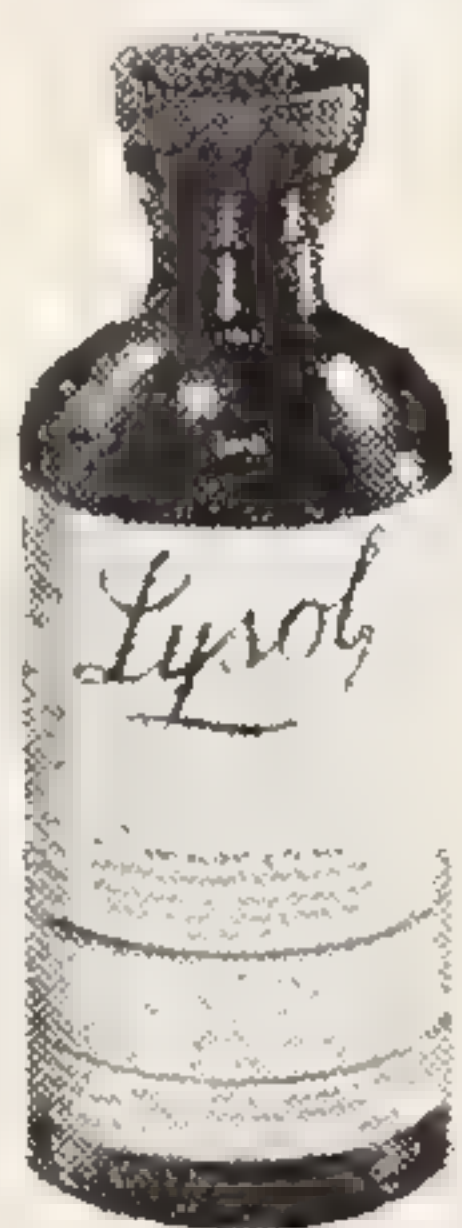
4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For your cleansing
douche



What Every Woman Should Know . . .

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 2-S.S.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me your free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which
tells the many uses of "Lysol".

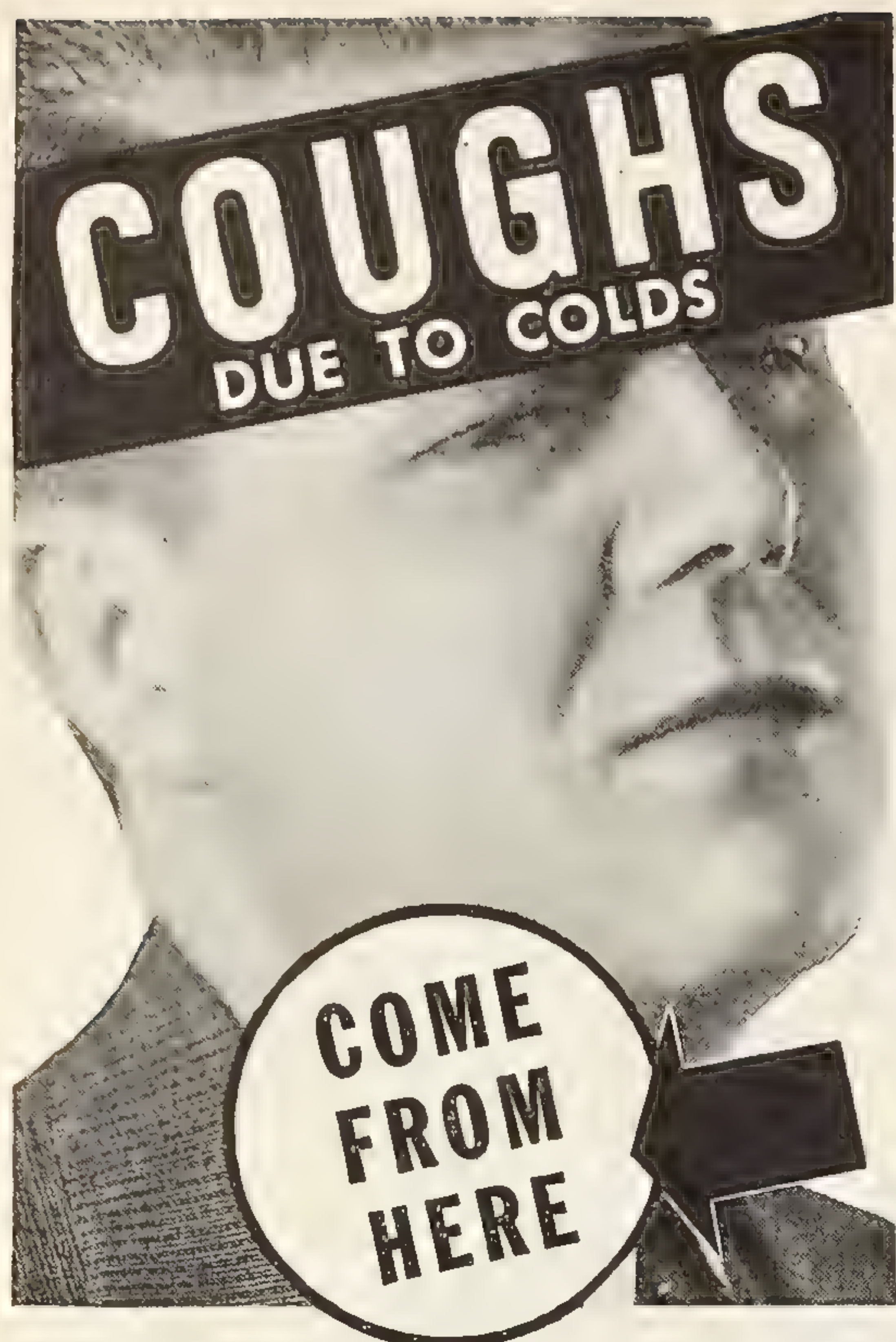
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TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.

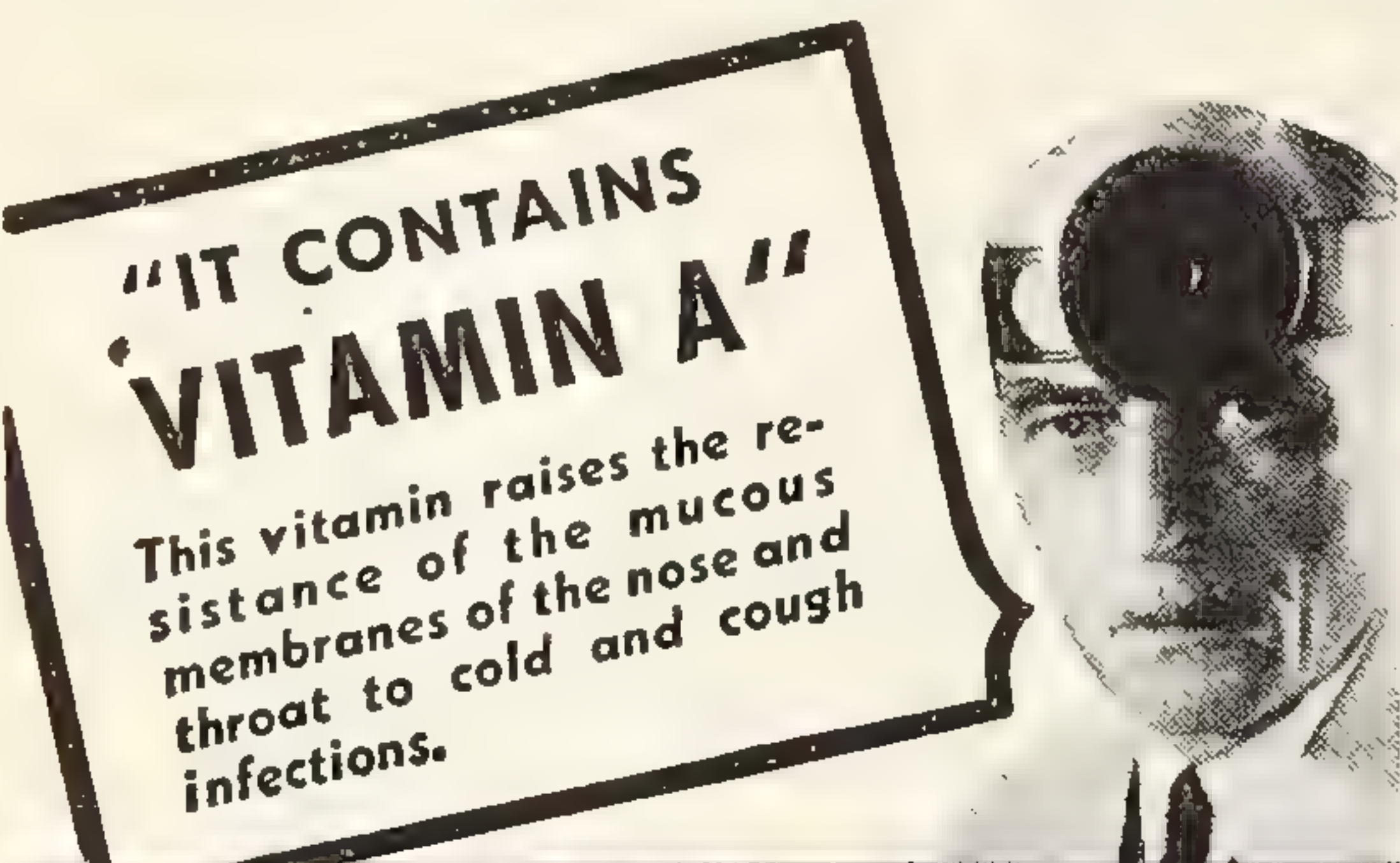


COUGHS
DUE TO COLDS

COME FROM HERE

TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

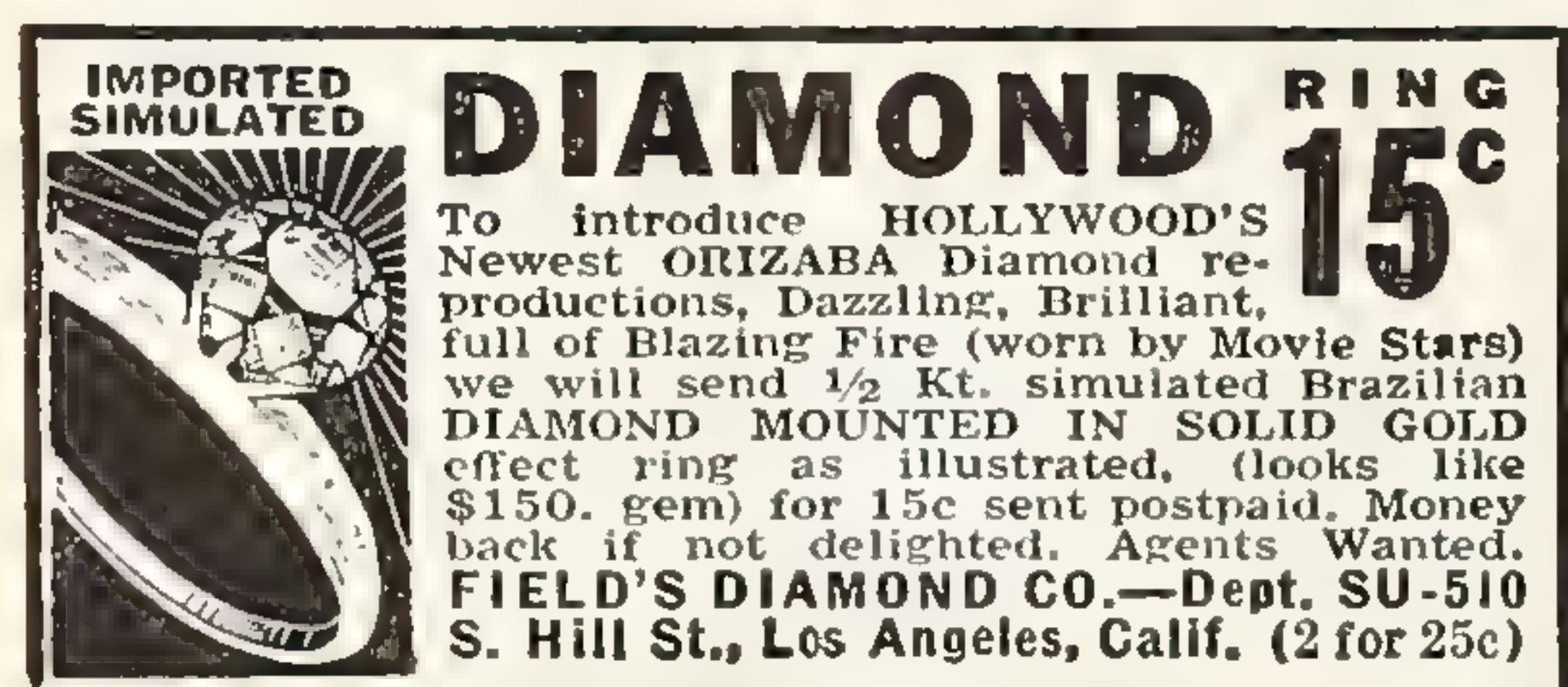
If there is anything that common sense dictates, it's this: a cough medicine should do its work *where the cough is lodged*...right in the throat. That's why Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. 60¢.



"IT CONTAINS
VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP



IMPORTED SIMULATED **DIAMOND RING** 15¢

To introduce HOLLYWOOD'S Newest ORIZABA Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars) we will send 1/2 Kt. simulated Brazilian DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD effect ring as illustrated, (looks like \$150. gem) for 15c sent postpaid. Money back if not delighted. Agents Wanted. **FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510** S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)



Women EARN \$23 WEEKLY... and GET YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE

Just demonstrate Paris-Styled Dresses direct from factory. Earn up to \$23 weekly and in addition get all your own dresses FREE! **NO CANVASSING • NO INVESTMENT** No regular canvassing necessary and not a penny needed to invest. Everything you need to start at once sent FREE. Write fully, giving age and dress size, for this amazing Free offer.

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DEPARTMENT CB-135
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Southern Recipes

[Continued from page 60]

way it is baked to a thick brown crust.

VIRGINIA SPOON BREAD

Sift 2 cups water-ground meal and pour over it 2 cups boiling water; mix until free from lumps. Add 3 large tablespoons butter, melted, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Thin with 1 1/2 cups milk. Separate 3 eggs, beat until light, add yolks, then whites. Pour into a buttered pyrex dish and bake in moderate oven (350 F) about 30 minutes.

HOPPING JOHN

Take equal parts rice and old-fashioned cow peas, boil together until done, (about 1 hour) with a piece of bacon the size of your hand and, if desired, a pod of red pepper with seeds removed. This is a famous and popular South Carolina dish.

POT LIKKER

This good old southern standby was made famous by the late Senator Huey Long. It consists of the water in which any vegetable has been cooked with a piece of salt pork. In the South, however, it is most frequently the water in which turnip or mustard greens have been cooked. The greens are thoroughly washed, placed in a pot and covered with water. They are seasoned with salt and pepper and a good sized piece of salt pork added, the whole being boiled until greens are tender. Remove greens and meat and the succulent "soup" remaining in "Pot Likker." It is *always* eaten with corn bread, made as follows.

CORN PONE AND HOE CAKE

They really are only different in the way they are cooked. Sift desired amount of water-ground meal into a mixing bowl and pour over it enough boiling water to wet meal. Season with salt, add about 1 tablespoon shortening and enough cold water to make a rather stiff dough. Pones are shaped with hands in an egg shaped style and baked on a hot griddle in a hot oven until a golden brown. When done they should have a thick crust and be about 1 1/2 inches thick. Hoe cakes are also shaped into pones, clapped on a hot griddle and flattened out like a cake to a thickness of about 1/2 an inch. Cooked on top of stove, they are browned on the down side then turned and browned on other side. Corn bread in its various forms has been used in the South since Colonial days.

GRATED SWEET POTATO PUDDING

Grate needed amount of raw sweet potatoes, about 3 for average pyrex dish, sweeten to taste with sugar and about 1/2 cup red label Karo syrup. Add 3 well beaten eggs, 1/2 cup flour, a little salt, butter size of an egg, vanilla and nutmeg. Mix all together and bake, stirring once or twice as it browns so it will be cooked through, then allow to brown evenly on top. May be served hot or cold but nicer hot. The sauce, made of water, sugar, butter, flavored with nutmeg and cooked until slightly thickened, *must* be served hot.

MINT JULEP

No list of southern recipes would be complete without one for the famous and traditional Mint Julep. Have a thin tumbler very dry and warm. Put a few sprigs of mint into tumbler with a tablespoon of sugar and fill glass 1/3 full of brandy or rye. Stir until sugar is dissolved, then fill tumbler with shaved ice. Put several sprigs of mint into tumbler and serve when glass frosts on outside. It is improved by shaking a little rum on top of ice before serving.



Charles Winninger, the country doctor of "Nothing Sacred," whose mistake doomed Carole Lombard and started the comedy.

Reviews of Pictures

[Continued from page 57]

fection itself as the gay, irresponsible Grand Duchess Tatiana who can be as imperial as hell one minute and blithely snitch artichokes for dinner the next.

The romantic Charles Boyer plays Her Highness' husband and the story goes on to relate how these two delightfully mad emigres eventually take jobs as servants in the Paris home of the *nouveau riche* Duponts, where they are having a merry time of it washing dishes and teaching the younger Duponts how to play poker, until one evening they encounter their old enemy of the Revolution. Commissar Gorotchenko is excellently played by Basil Rathbone.

Melville Cooper and Isabel Jeans are priceless as the screwy Duponts who adore their crazy Russian servants. Anita Louise and Maurice Murphy are the snobbish children who go Russian in a big way. It's directed by Anatol Litvak and handsomely produced, and Warner Brothers can take a deep bow.

NOTHING SACRED

SPOOFING THE WORLD WE LIVE IN WITH HILARIOUS RESULTS—UA

IF IT'S laughs you want, here they are, hundreds of them. In Ben Hecht's devastating satire on journalism and New York boobyery nothing is sacred, not even death.

Carole Lombard, the gal who knows how to put away fast comedy with a sock-o, plays a poor little factory girl in Vermont who is supposed to be dying gradually of incurable radium poisoning. But she learns from the town's doctor, Charles Winninger, that his diagnosis was incorrect (the good doctor had been tippling a bit that day).

However, when Freddie March, a star reporter from a New York daily breezes into the village to offer her one last fling in the big city before she dies, as guest of the Morning Star (a circulation builder-upper to be sure) Carole, who loves a good time and can't resist the temptation, accepts his offer and fails to mention that she hasn't got radium poisoning after all.

Contributing greatly to the madness are Walter Connolly as the publisher of the Morning Star, Frank Fay as a master of ceremonies, Maxie Rosenbloom as a slugger, Olin Howland and Margaret Hamilton as village types, and Sig Rumann as a doctor from Vienna. It's all done in technicolor and the shots of New York are something to take your breath away.

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Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



Snapping at the Stars

[Continued from page 19]

Hall spells his first name without the "h" because when making out his contract Goldwyn forgot how to spell John?

Not since "The Charleston" has as mad a dance struck the mood of American dancers as completely as "Big Apple."

In the old days of Alice Faye's Broadway life, she was a constant El Morocco visitor; usually, those days, she was with Rudy Vallee. Now on her too infrequent trips to New York she makes it her first port of call. I've pictured her in the room of celebrities where the walls are paneled with photos of the great and near great who come to this famous night club. She was with her lawyer, but wanted to be taken alone. Of course, I don't know, and I didn't ask, but I rather surmise she felt a photo with the lawyer would be a little too business-like, especially in view of the disquieting rumors about her marriage to Tony Martin. Alice is a grand, natural girl and everyone is devoted to her.

The Impatient Lovers

[Continued from page 54]

corner and lighted a cigarette. All the tiger woman in Goldie was roused. Barbara, beside her, she sneaked up behind that sinister figure, a discarded length of two-by-four timber in her hand. The club connected with the unsuspecting man's skull and he dropped.

They gave a horrified look at the prostrate man. Goldie yelled again. "Oh my gosh, that ain't the Hawk. That's only the actor that plays the Hawk in the story!"

Barbara was not stopping to learn more. "Michael!" she screamed and raced back to his office to warn him. But Michael had left his office. She learned he had gone to consult Wells, the head of Wonder Films. She sped after him.

The door to Wells' private office was closed. When Barbara knocked there was a long pause and finally Michael's voice bade her enter. When she got inside she saw that in part, at least, her fears were realized. The Hawk already had been there. Hugo Wells lay bundled up on the floor. Michael stood a prisoner, watched by Al who held a wicked automatic in his hand. Now Barbara was added to the list of prisoners. As for the Hawk he was somewhere out on the lot, searching for Peyton, the bank president, and his detective. With a despairing sob Barbara melted into Michael's arms. They clung together waiting the final blow of fate.

On Stage 9, while Barbara and Michael and Wells were held prisoners the cameras were ready to grind the last shot in "The Trail of the Hawk." The actors had taken their places on the set. Through the arch of a double door the Hawk would make his entrance. They would leap upon him, overpower him and toss him through a window of the set, presumably to be dashed to pieces in the street far below. Everything was ready, or the director supposed it was. Everything including Darcy, the actor who played the Hawk. Silence! Lights. Turn 'em over!

At that moment there prowled through the jumble of sets on Stage 9 a figure who was not pretending—a sinister figure that would have waked chills of terror in the breast of Goldie or Herman Tibbets, if either had been there to see. It was the Hawk himself.

Rampaging through the intricacies of

Wonder Studios, bent upon vengeance, the Hawk had lost his way. Now he saw some far off lights and began to move toward them, hoping to spy an exit. He carried a gun in his hand because he didn't like the scary shadows of the big, silent stage. He walked furtively, on tip-toe, because that was his way when keyed up.

The lights were just ahead now, shining through an arched door. The Hawk did not hear the grinding of cameras, because sound cameras make no noise. All he was aware of was a door and the possibility of exit from this labyrinth of phony rooms.

Furtively he dodged through the door. Then the entire building seemed to fall upon him. A small mob of movie actors, keyed up to the big final scene of Michael's story went over the Hawk like a road roller. The gun was knocked from his hand. Breath was knocked out of him. Finally, the crowning outrage, he was picked up by arms and legs and hurled through a window. And the fact that the window was only scenery and that he lit on a convenient mattress placed just outside, did not do the Hawk any good. He was in a condition where a mere child could handle him. The police who arrived a minute later found his capture no trouble at all.

Meantime, in Hugo Wells' office, Barbara raised tear-misted eyes to Michael's. If they were to die, let them die together. If it was jail for Michael, let her go with him. Whatever it was, it must be she and Michael forever after, for only in Michael's arms could she be happy!

And it was in Michael's arms that news of the Hawk's ignoble finish reached her. Hugo Wells was delighted. Everybody was delighted. Michael's second film would be a success even greater than his first. They all agreed that the performance given by the real Hawk was superb. And in the midst of everything Barbara set about planning her marriage to the innocent cause of all this exciting melodrama.

CAST

Michael Winslow	Lee Tracy
Barbara Lang	Joan Woodbury
Herman Tibbets	Paul Guilfoyle
Goldie Tibbets	Lee Patrick
Hugo Wells	Richard Lane
The Hawk	
Thomas Darcy	Bradley Page
Al	Tom Kennedy
Dickson	Jack Carson
Alexander Peyton	George Irving
Robert Decker	Frank M. Thomas
Mrs. Armstrong	Grace Cunard
Mr. Crisby	James Conlin
Miss Meggs	Maxine Jennings
Jove	Cecil Kellaway



Kenny Baker, the radio tenor, has the romantic lead in "The Goldwyn Follies."

Fun To Be With

[Continued from page 55]

to film. He said he wanted the role because he HAD been a forest ranger one Summer during his vacation from college . . . and knew the life.

Too, he told me the whole story of his "discovery" at the Pasadena Playhouse . . . of his whirlwind signature on the Warner Brothers' contract . . . of his tremendous role in "China Clipper," in which he spoke only the two words, "Hello, Bill!" . . . of his insignificant part in "King of Hockey" . . . all about his first big role as co-star with Pat O'Brien in "Don't Pull Your Punches" (which still is on the shelf) . . . and, finally, of his sudden and breathtaking success as "Kid Galahad."



Shirley Temple's growing up—so are her screen roles. Here she is as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

He explained that he was glad we had selected the Coconut Grove for our dining and dancing because a clause in his contract would not allow him to be seen in "night clubs" such as the Trocadero, Clover Club, Famous Door, Swing Club, Beachcomber's Bar, or other similar film colony niteries.

When I asked the reason for this, Wayne told me:

"Well, you see, I'm 'Galahad' as far as the public is concerned, and 'Galahad' was supposed to have been 'pure of heart' and all that. So, the studio figured that I should stay out of bars and night clubs. They'll let me go to the Grove or to the Brown Derby, Cafe LaMaze, Vendome, Al Levy's, the Biltmore Bowl and other places like those . . . but no spot that is classed as a nightclub."

We went downstairs to the cocktail lounge to wait for Gertrude, who was appearing in her regular radio show that night.

Wayne ordered coca cola and I blinked. Could I believe my ears? A Hollywood actor drinking a soda fountain beverage? I had become so accustomed to having my actor friends urge me to hop off my own coca cola "wagon," that Wayne's order flabbergasted me.

When I echoed his order, he said:

"Please have something else, won't you? The studio won't let me drink hard liquor, but if you drink coca cola too, everybody will think we're a couple of sissies!"

Gertrude and Craig came in at about 8 o'clock and we all went over to the Coconut Grove for dinner. On the way over, Wayne told me:

"You're going to be sorry you ever went out with me . . . because I'm the world's lousiest dancer!" I opined that I would judge for myself.



Bob Hope, familiar to the air fans, will be on view in "College Swing."

Inside the Grove, no sooner had we ordered our dinner than Wayne asked me if I would like to dance. Insofar as dancing always has appealed to me more than the habit of eating, I nodded and we walked out onto the dance floor. Mentally, I was wondering just how much damage he would do to my trailing evening gown with those size 12's of his . . . but I was game to try it—once!

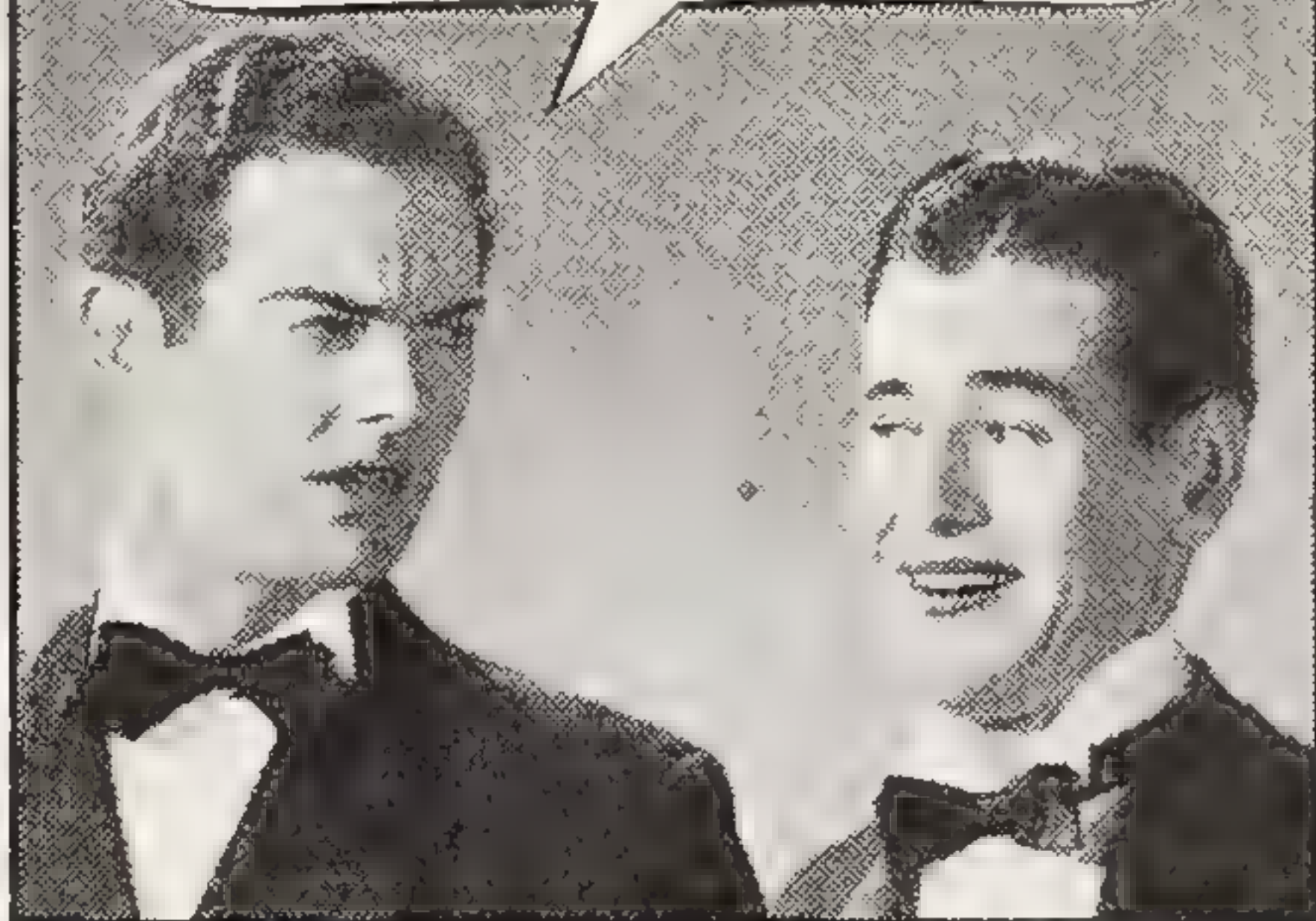
I remember that George Olsen's orchestra was playing a medley of old favorite tunes, "Stormy Weather," "Stardust" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and Wayne started to sing. I am only five feet tall with my high heels on, and he is well over six feet—so he had to unbend considerably to sing into my ear!

His voice was soft and sweet . . . a nice

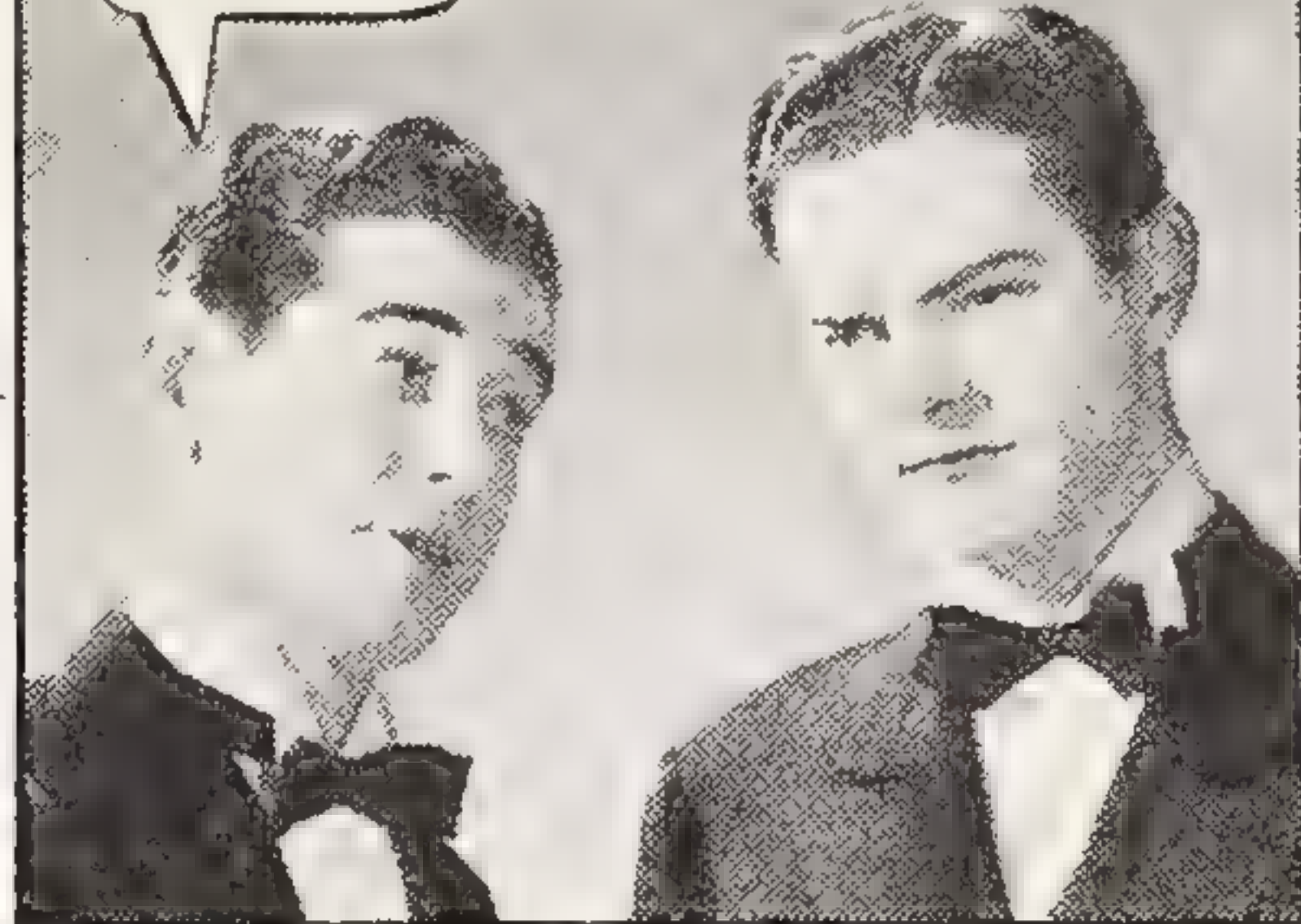


I PAY THE CHECK—AND TOM TAKES HER HOME!

AND THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE SAP! BUT I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MADE HAZEL DO IT!



WELL, THE TRUTH IS, PHIL—YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO OUGHT TO TALK TO A DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!



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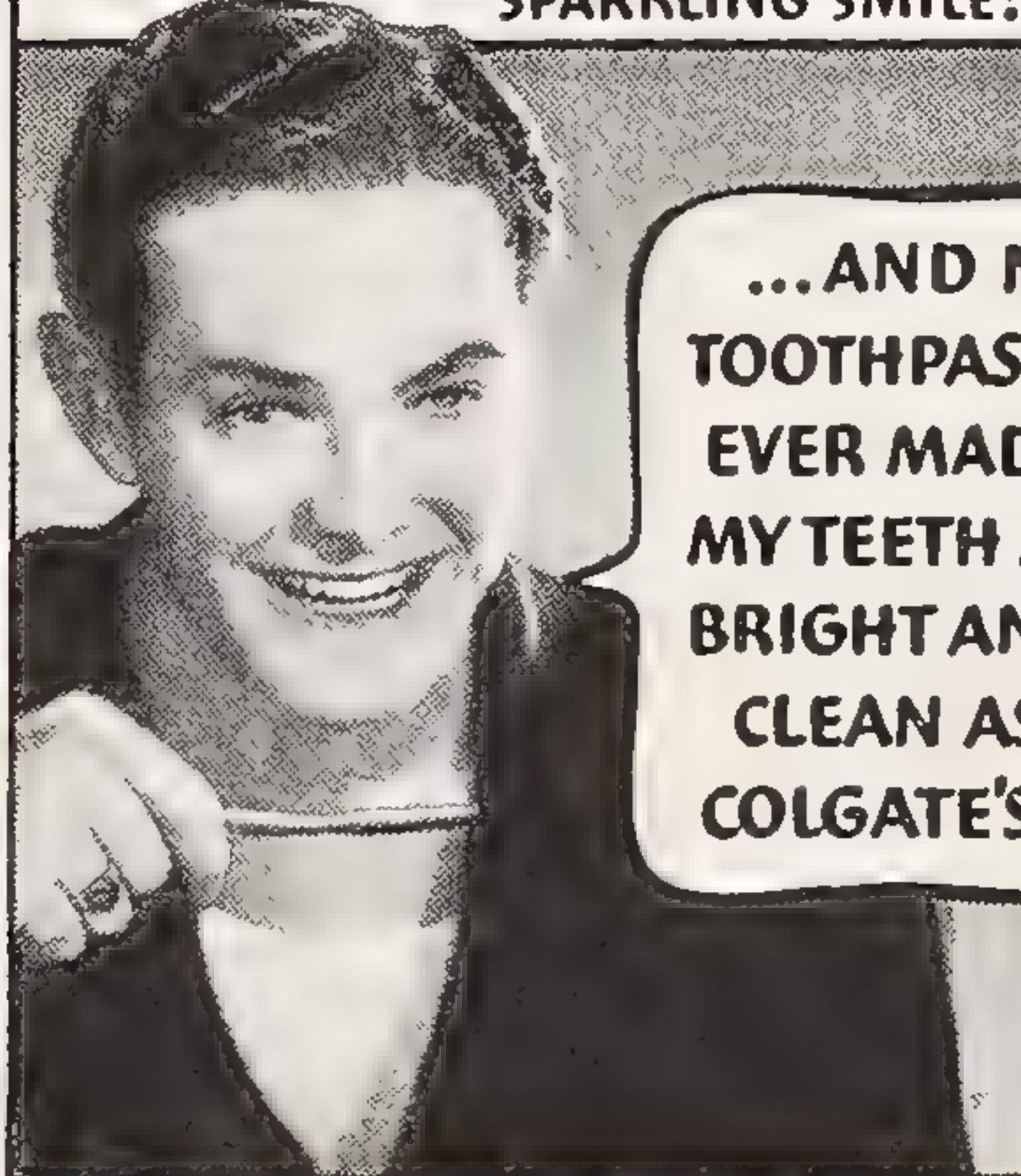
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S



DANCE, HAZEL?

THANKS, TOM—BUT I'M NOT DANCING WITH ANYONE BUT PHIL TONIGHT!

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Sally Eilers and Preston Foster on the sidelines of "Easy Millions" set. They head the cast.

voice, and one which will serve him well sometime when he is called upon to sing on the screen. He knew all of the lyrics of every song the band played. Suddenly, I realized that we had been dancing together in perfect harmony for fully ten minutes before I was aware that we were dancing!

No, I wasn't mesmerized by "Galahad" (but the Coconut Grove IS reputed to be a romantic spot!). He was just a handsome, clean-cut escort who was easy as pie to talk to . . . fun to be with . . . and he could dance beautifully, not to mention his serenading. What more could a girl demand of a young man?

There, my friends, is Wayne Morris—current comet of movieland! He has all the brawn, bravado, brass, breed, "breaks," brilliance and brains to make him a success—and I'm betting my last quarter on "Galahad" for solid stardom!

Getting Warmer!

[Continued from page 27]

stunning films that are turned out by the studios today—it was definitely quaint in its handling of that old theme sex. Those were the *Femme Fatale* days, when the ordinary relationships between boy and girl were considered unworthy of notice. Sex with a capital S was personified in the vampire and Miss Bara was the embodiment of the temptress who led men on to sin and perdition.

There may have been a time when her attitudinizing caused pulses to beat faster but it is definitely past. Watching her now, coyly letting a shoulder strap slip down, exposing a few inches of flesh or gingerly puffing on one of those instruments of the devil—a cigarette—you would be certain to laugh. She was unquestionably a vivid personality and a good actress, but the rules of behavior which she portrayed are as dead as the dodo.

Now you will find Loretta Young, Myrna Loy or Janet Gaynor quite happy to play a wife rather than a siren. They do not have to depend on the "props" of physical attraction, as Miss Bara did, in putting over her sultry sex appeal. They are content to demonstrate that physical attraction can and does exist even in the most common relationship that a man and woman can enter into—marriage. They not only smoke, but they take a drink if they feel like it, without being labelled fallen women. Sometimes they do crazier things on the screen than you, your wife or sister might do, but they stay within definite bounds.

Those bounds have gone through a lot of changes since Miss Bara slipped her shoulder strap. Right after the war, Holly-

wood let its hair down in no uncertain fashion, both in the films turned out and in the private lives of the people who made and appeared in pictures. It was a natural reaction, but one which was stopped short when Will Hays became the "czar" of movies in 1922. Back to earth, the screen went about holding the mirror up to manners and morals.

The vampire was followed by the flapper and she in turn was followed by the "It" girl made famous by Clara Bow. Romance remained a hectic business, even with the sophisticated touches that Gloria Swanson gave it. On the male side, Rudolph Valentino was the beau ideal to set feminine hearts aflutter. It was the jazz era and it had a jazzy accompaniment on the screen. There were Westerns, too, the Mary Pickford films, the swash-buckling adventure tales of Douglas Fairbanks and the great comedies of Charlie Chaplin, but the films that dealt with everyday experience reflected a rather frenzied point of view.

I wouldn't insist that the twenties were given a completely faithful portrait by the



Bobby Breen, the boy with the soprano voice, keeps up his swimming. Probably planning to do "Tarzan" when he finishes "Hawaii Calls."

screen. Such a film as "The Sheik" was nine-tenths fairy tale, but even so it suggested that romance involved a grand passion that was pretty unattainable by most mortals. In the same way, the early gangster pictures had an unfortunate tendency to glorify the rats who waxed fat on the spoils of prohibition, but they did show that the "noble experiment" of the 18th amendment had fostered a high disregard for law and order. Certainly if I were writing a history of the period, I would study the films it produced with the utmost care.

The coming of sound had its headaches for the movies, but it did wonders in mak-

ing them better able to reflect the American scene. Having people talk made them infinitely more real. The realer they became, the more they had to behave and react the way people you and I knew. Even the concentration on sex with a capital S could be forgotten while the screen really started to explore the life, manners and aspirations of Americans. Meanwhile the depression forced people to adopt new values of living and now they are blossoming forth in the current Hollywood offerings.

"There isn't any fundamental change in human relationships as the screen shows them," according to one of the finest veteran actors in Hollywood, William Powell. "It's only that Hollywood has caught up to a curious shift in emphasis on these relationships."

The actor had been asked point-blank about the success of "The Thin Man" and the cycle of deft, amusing comedies it started. This business of switching the whole point of a film from "they married and lived happily ever after" to "they were married in the first place and here's how gaily they lived" seemed to me to be a daring departure in the concoction of plots.

"If an audience doesn't like a picture, it's the actor's fault," said Mr. Powell. "All we players can do in the long run is to recreate experience for spectators. There has been a big change in technique since I started acting—it has been all to the good. Give film-goers the credit for getting plots down off stilts. It is because they were ready and eager to accept a new attitude about love, marriage and daily living that they are able to win their sympathy and applause."

He would be the first to agree that the screen's rules of behavior follow those adopted by the public generally. If you stop and consider, a film making marriage a swell, exciting adventure in living would have seemed as quaint to the audiences that watched Theda Bara, Clara Bow or Rudolph Valentino as the pictures they appeared in would seem to us today.

It was the crucible of the depression that prepared us to accept the drama of everyday living and be moved and amused by its small triumphs and tragedies. It was because a husband and wife met reverses with chins up and even gaily that Mr. and Mrs. have taken their place as some of the most engaging characters of the screen. Not only in the comedies that "The Thin Man" inspired down to the wise and witty "The Awful Truth," has this splendid salute to marriage broken through onto the screen. It took tragic, but no less compelling form in "A Star Is Born."

It is no prissy conception of wedlock that is reflected on the screen. Pictures are not



In "Scandal Street," Virginia Weidler will wear a few curls, if the darn thing works.

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SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT
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Joan Davis and Bert Lahr in "Love and Hisses." Joan feels an inspiration coming on or maybe it's just a bump.

afraid to admit that it isn't always successful and that divorce is a practical way out. Both in "The Awful Truth" and "Second Honeymoon," you have the business of a separated couple taking a second fling at living together to make for plot and merri-ment.

The point I insist on is that you undoubtedly have friends like these human and understandable figures of "The Thin Man," "Second Honeymoon" or "The Awful Truth." It is because you and they share new ideas about marriage and have worked out a whole lot of problems about the institution that Hollywood has been able to celebrate it as well as the perennial boy meets girl theme.

You can see a similar change in point of view in recent gangster pictures. It was a momentous occasion when "Public Enemy" first considered the sordid side of racketeering and wholesale murder. I remember going to a projection room showing of the film, when the producers were very worried about releasing it and wanted to know if I thought the public would like it.

It was obvious to me that here was a finely made picture, full of suspense and tense melodrama. As to its point of view, all I had to do was to consider what I and all the people I knew felt about gangsters in that year of 1931. It was my belief that the screen couldn't paint thugs too black for them and that belief was proved right by the enormous success of the film.

Today the gangster film clearly reflects the public's feeling about these scavengers on society. In "Alcatraz" or "The Last Gangster," it is a foregone conclusion that they are playing a losing game. With a doff of the cap to J. Edgar Hoover's great campaign against racketeers, these films move right into jail, where all of us would like to see public enemies.

While the most startling changes in Hollywood's rules of behavior naturally relate to sex and lawlessness, there are other ways in which the screen is reflecting life as it has been found worthwhile and interesting—manners and morals as they have been found important in human conduct. The whole attitude towards drinking is a case in point.

If you can remember back to the early days of prohibition you will remember how glamorous and exciting was the business of breaking the law with a bottle. Speakeasies became glamorous rallying places and cocktail parties were almost synonymous with high jinks, ranging from sin to sheer bibulous fun. Look back at the pictures of the

middle twenties and you will see all the reckless activity of the speakeasy era reflected in sequence after sequence. Gin and jazz were mixed together in more than one screen cocktail.

After repeal, there was a short period when a lot of people seemed intent on drinking everything within reach. In a fierce reaction against the hypocrisy of prohibition, there were unquestionably considerable excesses along the lines of imbibing. Even with an ever-watchful censorship, these excesses found their way into films and audiences were shown a variety of ways of getting blotto.

We have gone beyond that period now and nowhere is it more evident than in the shows you see. Drinking is taken as a matter of course today, much as sex is. Occasionally a star will get high in the course of a plot, but it is the way in which anyone of us might drink to relax from great emotional strain. We have adopted an intelligent, mature attitude about drinking and the screen has made it one of its rules of conduct.

Add all of the foregoing together and if I am right, you have Hollywood giving us the real low-down on ourselves. The things a man or woman lives by are always more or less vague and they change from year to year as imperceptibly as a person whom you see constantly. It is for this reason that you may get an added thrill out of the picture you see today, if you watch the way it handles the different forms of human behavior. For it is you and all of us who have brought this particular behavior into being.

Certainly it is a long cry from the scoundrel of the early films, about to attack an innocent girl, to the amusing give and take between Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland in the recent "It's Love I'm After." Trying to make her fall out of love with him, you may remember, he steals into her bedroom and threatens her with "a fate worse than death." Whereupon she flings herself into his arms in one of the most comical situations of the season.

As one who misses very few films in the course of a year, I should say that they are reflecting a rather splendid way of living in this country of ours. Sex is no longer something to be hinted at in innuendoes, but to be treated lightly and even gaily as an important part of existence. Married life may be less secure than it once was, but it is far more of a real relationship and has enormous possibilities for excitement and fun.

It is my hunch that a long battle to evolve a new code of conduct has been won by the American people. We have gone through difficult eras of transition since the war, but there is something substantial about human relationships today. The screen has missed very little of the shifting points of view which have accompanied the transition. Even now it is writing in glowing letters the things we stand for—the things that make us Americans.



The Aquitania came up the bay with more swank than usual, and there, were Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh!

Just A Slight Mistake

[Continued from page 25]

One of the oldest clichés about mistakes is that one profits by them. But does Hollywood? M.G.M. cast Myrna Loy in siren roles for years before it tapped the undiscovered gold in her "Mrs. Thin Man" characterizations. Yet, with that glaring example as warning, Paramount continues to cast Gail Patrick as a villainess, even though in reality Miss Patrick is Mrs. Thin Man in the flesh—witty, charming and gay. Paramount can't forget that she came to Hollywood as winner of a Panther Woman contest, evidently.

Miscasting probably has a dozen embryo Lombards and Gables under cover in Hollywood. Carole, as you will remember, was feminine foil for the horse operas before her bosses found out she could make people laugh; handsome Mr. Gable got his start in films as a "heavy." You can forgive the producers for these cases of belated discovery; but why should a studio hire Gladys George because of a swell performance in a farce comedy, "Personal Appearance," and then put her to work in "Madame X?"

The most recent instance of talent-blindness in this town of chronic bad eyesight was that of Marjorie Weaver. Warner Brothers first placed this fresh-faced young lady from Louisville under contract when she won a beauty contest, used her in colorless bit parts for six months, then dismissed her with the brutal advice that she'd better go home to mamma. She wasn't good enough, they told her, for westerns!

Marjorie dabbed a little powder on her tear-reddened nose, went over to see Darryl Zanuck at Fox-Twentieth Century, and got herself another job. Now, with her delightfully straight-forward performance in "Second Honeymoon" the sensation of the



Mae West radiates pre-war glamour. Her new picture is "Every Day's A Holiday."

moment, she is stepping into a featured role in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and is being groomed for stardom.

It's all a matter of guesswork.

Fred Astaire made the rounds of the studios, testing and re-testing; played a small part in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady" without attracting authoritative notice, was ready to leave Hollywood whipped when RKO hit upon the lucky formula

of Astaire plus Ginger Rogers, plus dancing rhythms. Paramount's test files to this day contain a little white card reading: "Astaire, Fred. Bald, not much voice, dances fairly well." What was that gross again on "Shall We Dance?"

Paramount covered its losses on Astaire, no doubt, by guessing right on Crosby. They were taking a chance on Bing, for an executive of the J. Walter Thompson advertising company still cherishes a letter from an Oldsmobile company official demanding that he dismiss Crosby from the Paul Whiteman radio show "or else." Crosby's crooning reminded that early sponsor of the mooing of a cow, but no blue-ribbon dairy champion ever paid such profits.

It was Paramount, too, which won by a long shot with Martha Raye. The little gal with the big mouth was singing, practically for her supper, in a second-rate night club when studio scouts picked her up as a possible foil for the newest Paramount "find," Bob Burns. Burns has still to click as a film personality, but the "Oh, Boy" girl is worth her weight in gold at the box office.

There are other stories which are Hollywood folklore: How Eddie Cantor wired George White six years ago from the wilds of Pittsburgh to say that, in his opinion, the master of ceremonies at the Pittsburgh theatre was a sure fire bet for a juvenile leading man, how White wired back that he could get juveniles for ten cents a gross, and how the laugh was on him, for this particular one was Dick Powell.

How Nelson Eddy sat around for two years at M.G.M. before he was able to get before a camera.

Eleanor Powell's signature graced a Fox contract for months, but Eleanor appeared in only one picture at the studio: an insignificant part in "George White's Scandals."

The man whom cellophane made famous has nothing on Hollywood.

No man thrills to the touch of Chapped Hands

IF HANDS COULD TALK THEY'D SAY:



● Dusty jobs, chapping weather, household heat...all spoil the looks of dainty hands. Tender skin gets red, dry, grimy-rough. Not thrilling to any man! Your hands need Hinds...



Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-soothing to sore, chapped hands. And now it contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D that skin absorbs! Used faithfully, Hinds gives you soft *Honeymoon Hands*!



Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands

● \$1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size...fits on the bottle, ready to use.



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GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH
YOU MUST DO YOUR
PART OF THE JOB
AT HOME!**



Dental service is important. Dental cooperation at home is equally vital! Clean teeth, massage gums twice a day with Forhan's!

Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10¢ to Forhan's, 222 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

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for a Half Dollar**
**I will pay CASH for
OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS**

POST YOURSELF! It pays!
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowdy of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to
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...they cleanse better!"**



... says beautiful
RUTH COLEMAN
Paramount Player

Hollywood stars insist on the best of care for their precious complexions. No wonder so many of them—as well as fastidious women everywhere—choose SITROUX TISSUES. They cleanse the skin better because they're softer...more absorbent...and, unlike ordinary tissues, won't "come apart" in the hand. You'll like these superior Sitroux Tissues, too! Take a beauty hint from the stars. Ask for "Sit-true" face tissues—in the blue and gold box.

**TWO SIZES
10¢ AND 20¢**

AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

Projections— Nelson Eddy

[Continued from page 33]

dence course taker in history. Mathematics threw him completely. He likes to do everything for himself, and a guest in the Eddy home was quite surprised not long ago to find him putting away the laundry. He adores his sheepdog, Sheba, given him by Jeanette MacDonald. He is always immaculate, meticulously so, and one of the earliest risers in Hollywood. When he was working in an advertising agency he discovered that he had quite a knack for drawing and ever since then the Eddy letters are usually illustrated with highly comical cartoons.

He never mentions it, but a little thing that occurred at the Metro studio several years ago must have been very soul-satisfying. After he was signed by Metro he did not work in a picture for a long time, as you know. During this long wait he gave a concert down in Los Angeles and generously passed around tickets to the Philharmonic Auditorium right and left all over the studio. Nobody from the studio went, neither the biggies nor the little people. So the next year when Nelson appeared in concert in Los Angeles he did not give out free passes. But in the meantime "Naughty Marietta" had clicked and everybody in the studio wanted to attend Nelson's concert. But there wasn't a ticket to be had, free or otherwise.

Metro's greatest singing star was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on a certain June 29th, and he had the good luck to be born into a musical family. His mother was a soloist in the Church of Transfiguration in Providence and his father sang bass in the Universalist Church choir in the same city. At the age of ten Nelson himself became the soprano soloist in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, and later in Grace Church. Not long ago he received a letter from "Ma" Kelly, the choir mother of the church, in which she joked about all the troubles she had had with him. "I never could keep your hair brushed," she wrote, "because you had a cow-lick." At All Saints Church in the same city, when he was about fourteen, his beautiful soprano voice went cracking one evening into a half-way alto-baritone—and Nelson Eddy was no longer a boy soprano.

Grandfather Eddy was bass drummer with Reeves American band and he beat the same huge drum with the same big stick for fifty-five years. He played at Brown University's commencement exercises for half a century. Nelson's father, William Darius Eddy, a mechanical engineer, picked up bass drum playing and later became drum major with the First Regimental Band of the Rhode Island National Guard. "He used to take me along when the band went to encampments at Fort Grable," says Nelson. "I as the band mascot, which was a grand thing for a small boy, excepting that there was a catch to it. The mascot had to wash the mess dishes of the band. That was my taste of army life, but at least I learned musical rhythm and turned out to be a pretty good drum player." He later played a drum in the school orchestra, and still later in a dance orchestra, when he needed the dough.

Nelson was nicknamed "Brick-top" by his school chums, and his boyhood was more or less uneventful up until 1915, the year he graduated from grammar school. For at this time of his life his mother and father decided to divorce and Nelson, instinctively and naturally, went with his mother. "Two swell people," Nelson says of them, "who just couldn't get along, temperamentally."



Pat O'Brien and Kay Francis
in "Women Are Like That."
They elope—but that's in
the picture.

School days were over for Nelson, who, at the age of fourteen, now had to make his own living in the world, and after the divorce he and his mother departed for Philadelphia where she went to work at the University of Pennsylvania and Nelson got a job as telephone operator at the Mott Iron Works. Even when Nelson was promoted to shipping clerk at twelve dollars a week he and his mother could hardly make ends meet.

He got "fed up" with his job there after a year and decided that he wanted to be a newspaper man. After two weeks of haunting the newspaper offices he was hired as night clerk on the *Philadelphia Press* at eight dollars a week. "Although the work was at night, I could study by day and I kept on with my reading and my correspondence course," says Nelson. "A reporter friend of mine showed me how to write obituary notices and I started my journalistic career by writing death notices in my spare time. I was paid half space rates on them, which swelled my salary a little."

"Then I began hounding the city editor for a job as a reporter. The work fascinated me. But the *Press* knew I was only sixteen and said I was too young to send on assignments. The only thing to do was to find a job on another paper." From the *Press* he went to the *Evening Public Ledger*, and from there to the *Evening Bulletin*. On the *Bulletin* he went right into the fire, a full fledged reporter. He reported everything from murders and sudden death to major league baseball.

He left the *Bulletin* to become a make-up man and copy writer for the N. W. Ayer and Son advertising agency. Ever since his voice had cracked in the choir of Grace Church, Nelson had given up singing and thought very little about it, so engrossed was he in the business of making a living for his mother and himself. But now with more money and more leisure he began to be conscious of his voice once more. He couldn't afford a teacher so he would buy up phonograph records and learn the songs from them, and to amuse his friends would sing duets with the records.

Then one day a friend told him that he had arranged a meeting with David Bispham, the great American baritone of his time. Mr. Bispham took an interest in "the

singing reporter" and shortly after their meeting Nelson began his singing lessons. Hardly had the lessons started when Bispham died. But in that year January, 1922, a social musical play, "The Marriage Tax," was produced at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia and Nelson was given the role of the King of Greece, and made such a hit that the next morning everyone in Philadelphia practically wanted to know the name of the King of Greece. Alexander Smallens, conductor of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, took notice of the Eddy voice and it was under this great conductor that Nelson made his next forward stride. His career began in earnest.

It was in this company that Nelson met Dr. Edouard Lippe, himself a singer of note, who later became Nelson's singing teacher and closest friend. "A few years later it was my faith in Lippe's judgment that actually brought him to Hollywood, where he now teaches other singers than myself," Nelson says. "At that time I was learning film work preparatory to starting my career and I suddenly felt that something was wrong with my voice. I wired for Lippe and he came straight to me and has remained here ever since. I am thankful that I frequently have a feeling that something is happening to my voice. Because of that I keep working constantly. A singer can never stop learning and coast."

It was Lippe who advised Nelson to go to the great William W. Vilonat, the maestro who had been Lippe's teacher too. And Vilonat, after listening to Nelson, proceeded to map out his life for him. He must study in Europe. "But I have no money," mourned Nelson. "You must borrow on your future," said Vilonat. After months of hard study in Dresden, and with his borrowed money running low, Nelson Eddy, now a trained singer, returned to the land of his birth and eagerly seized the first opportunity that presented itself. In 1924 he made his debut in professional grand opera when he sang the part of *Tonio* in "Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan Opera House with the Philadelphia Opera Company. The concert field appealed to him and he made his first formal recital in Philadelphia in 1928. Since then he has sung everywhere, in cities large and small, in school houses as well as great auditoriums. To young singers he says, "Never turn down a chance to sing." Then one evening in the spring of 1933, he sang in Los Angeles and stepped right smack into a movie career. I'm telling you.

"He can't have much fun," people say of Nelson Eddy, "he works too hard."

But evidently Nelson Eddy thinks differently because he never misses an opportunity to say, "As long as I can sing I am happy. And because nature gave me a good voice and hard work developed it, I am not afraid to sing; so I consider myself the happiest man in the world." As the popular song goes, there's a song in his heart.



Bing Crosby snapped the handcuffs on Harold Lloyd when Harold visited him on the "Doctor Rhythm" set. All in the spirit of fun.

**LIGHTS!
ACTION!
CAMERA!**



Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group of artists who prefer this glamorous refreshing make-up created for them by Miss Arden.

The great stars of Hollywood have found their answer to the relentless cameras, the hot lights, the demand for glamour and loveliness at any hour of the day or night . . .

They have discovered the new

SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

by Elizabeth Arden

A complete line of preparations are available for professional—and taking a hint from the stars—for private use too. They are priced at a dollar (\$1.00) each, and sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden distributors everywhere.

The booklet "Professional Information" S-3, containing procedure of make-up application for effective use, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Laboratories, 5533 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

**IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE
COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY,
BUT START NOW TO FIGHT
THEM WITH A PENETRATING
FACE CREAM**

BLACKHEADS?

YES _____ NO _____

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

DRY SKIN?

YES _____ NO _____

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

COARSE PORES?

YES _____ NO _____

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

OILY SKIN?

YES _____ NO _____

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

TINY LINES?

YES _____ NO _____

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines *before* they grow into wrinkles.

DINGY COLOR?

YES _____ NO _____

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads _____ Dry Skin _____ Oily Skin _____
Coarse Pores _____ Tiny Lines _____ Poor Color _____

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

(39)

The Singing Colonel

[Continued from page 34]

On her paternal side the family originated in North Carolina, dating back to the middle of the Seventeenth Century. There were the Moores, Martins, Carvers and Sneeds, many of whom held responsible positions in both State and National Governments and many another received recognition for his services in the numerous conflicts in the establishment of our government.

Her mother, being Miss "Tessie" Stokeley of Newport, Tennessee, and a debutante of her day, is a product of the Stokeley, Huff, Jones and Nichols families of Tennessee, and likewise brought to her daughter a heritage of religious and patriotic devotion.

With such a heritage, coupled with the inspiration of the picturesque community and adjacent country of Jellico, and with the added advantages of travel and a finishing school there can be no doubt but that Grace did have a fitting and proper background to take her place in the stellar firmaments. She is the second child of a family of five. She has an older brother, Martin, and two younger brothers: Richard (Dick) and Jim, and a younger sister Emily, who is now Mrs. Tom Mahan.

Though her achievements belong primarily to herself she was the recipient of a happy and cultured background. Contrary to the impression often conveyed by uninformed and casual writers, Jellico—where she was reared—is not a village of "white trash," "Georgia crackers" or "clay eaters," but a thriving town of many highly educated and cultured people, even if the mining operations do require the services of a goodly proportion of rugged highlanders. Jellico is in Tennessee, seventy miles north of Knoxville, just below the Kentucky line on the new main highway from Cincinnati to Knoxville, and it is here that Grace frequently returns to find new inspiration. Here she finds friends, and families that make seasonal trips to New York and Florida, travel abroad and send their children to fashionable schools in the same manner as did the Moores.

Perhaps the outstanding memories of her early days are those centered around the First Baptist Church where she led a children's choir, taught a Sunday-School class, presided at meetings of the Baptists' Young People's Union and sang in the choir, with the renowned Homer Rodeheaver wielding the baton.

Grace always loved the mountains. And when she visits Jellico she never fails to drive over familiar roads to the same picnic grounds where she used to pilot the family car loaded with the children of her Sunday-School class.

After completion of her early schooling Miss Moore was educated at Ward-Belmont School for Girls, an exclusive finishing school in Nashville, and at Wilson-Green Music School in Chevy Chase, near Washington, D. C. It was from the latter school that, as an impulsive girl, she ran away, soon to make her name a by-word in the realm of music. While at the Washington seminary she heard her first opera, "Carmen," which was sung by Geraldine Farrar. During her school days in Nashville, however, she had heard Mary Garden in concert, and then and there an earlier ambition to be a missionary was dissipated and a singing career became her goal.

She made her first operatic appearance, while attending school at Washington, at the National Theater as assisting artist to Giovanni Martinelli, the great Metropolitan Opera tenor, and her favorable acclaim brought dreams of a great career. Buoy-

antly happy as a result of this first small success and fired by the desire for fame, this ambitious and impetuous girl then sought encouragement in her operatic endeavors and financial aid from her parents.

Because Grace had been accustomed to a sheltered environment they looked with disfavor upon the hardships which such a career would mean. Yet there was that something within her that urged her on. She *had* to become an opera singer! And that was all there was to it. So off she went to New York where she soon secured a job singing in New York's Greenwich Village at the Black Cat Cafe. That was in the days when Greenwich Village was really something; but the Black Cat was only momentarily suited for the high-spirited Miss Moore. Presto! Ere long her father came to take her home—not that it did him any good. He spent a few days trying to dissuade this willful daughter from her singing aspirations, and ended only by discovering that after all she was a chip off the old block. Who had ever heard of influencing a Moore against his own better judgment?

There is a little saying around Hollywood that whenever La Moore wants a thing to become thus-and-so, thus-and-so it will become, for, seemingly, that girl never fails. And you positively can't lick her; no, you may try but you won't succeed. There was that time when she lost her voice and could hardly speak above a whisper for six long difficult months—and everybody thought she'd never sing again—everybody except Grace. But did she fool them? And how. She went with only a housekeeper as a companion to an isolated island in the St. Lawrence River, where no one could reach her, and finally emerged with a voice clearer and richer than ever before.

After that she spent a season on Broadway in musical comedy and then went abroad to study for opera. There she met Irving Berlin who persuaded her to return

A FINE CAMARADERIE EXISTS BETWEEN THE PLAYERS FROM DIFFERENT STUDIOS



Ronald Colman comes to call! Claude Rains, Olivia deHavilland and George Brent on the "Gold Is Where You Find It" set.

for his "Music Box Revue," which met with such success that it brought her acclaim both as an actress and songster. Since then her triumphs have been legion, her latest starring motion picture vehicle being Columbia's, "I'll Take Romance." But that one opening night of the Revue stands out most vividly for it was the night when the entire Moore family travelled to New York to hear Grace sing.

What new fields are there left for her to conquer? Only technicolor and television remain in the entertainment field. And

who is there to doubt that technicolor may prove her to be even more beautiful than motion pictures have shown.

It seems that Miss Moore's supreme confidence and her ability to carry out difficult assignments bespeaks the ruggedness and innate strength of her own homeland. Her confidence in her own ability is both refreshing and satisfying. Perhaps it is the heritage of her kind that is responsible for it, but whatever it is all agree that Grace Moore is the personification of a real "All American Girl."



DON'T BE A TISSUE FUMBLER!
BUY KLEENEX*
IN THE
SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

It Saves as it Serves—just one double tissue at a time

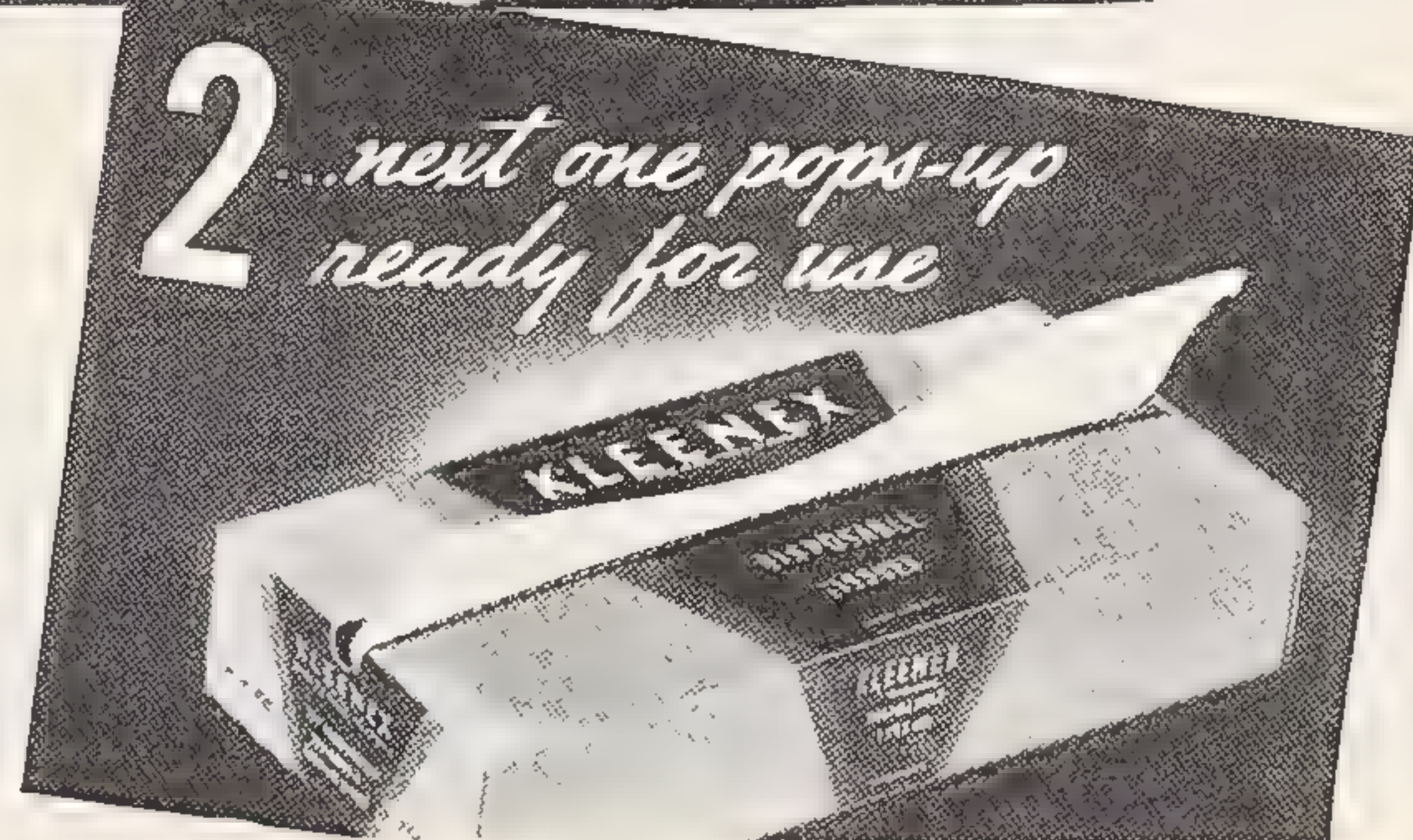
● Life's too short to fumble with clumsy boxes...to tolerate inferior tissues that can't compare with Kleenex. So buy the Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue box today. Only Kleenex has it...box of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room and for your car.

During colds, it's good policy

New! KLEENEX LIPSTICK
TISSUES for handbag
and dressing table.
End lipstick stains on towels,
gloves, hankies! 12 packs,
Cellophane-wrapped, only 20c.

to put aside handkerchiefs and use Kleenex instead. See how it soothes your nose and saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. What's more, Kleenex tends to hold germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all.

Use Kleenex, too, to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; as a kitchen help; for baby; and for countless other uses. In the car, Kleenex comes in handy to wipe hands, windshield and greasy places.



KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Henry Fonda —
starring in Walter
Wanger's "I Met
My Love Again".

Henry Fonda

helps girl win beauty crown



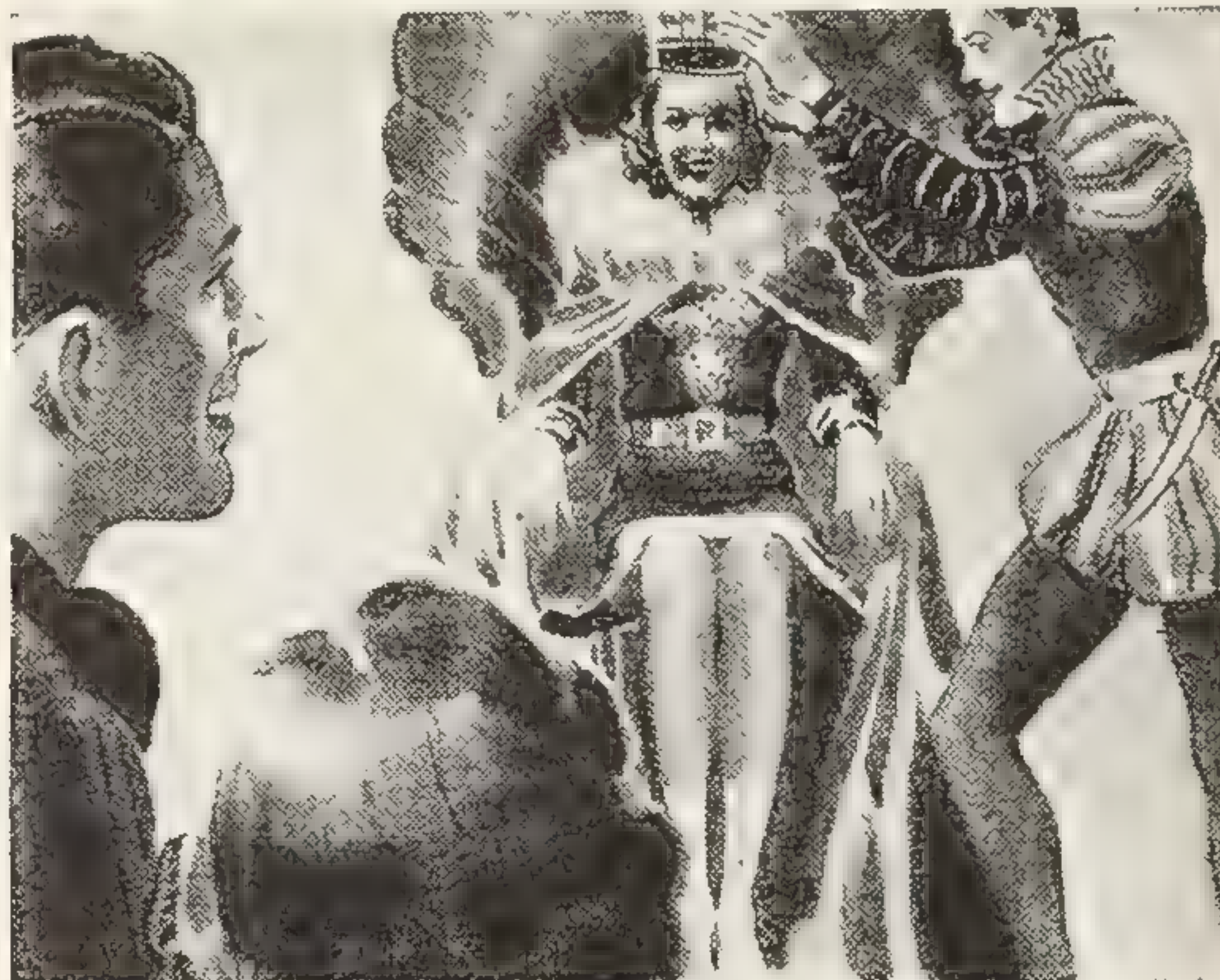
"TWO GIRLS WERE RIVALS for the title of Beauty Queen of the Ice Carnival. Peggy told me how anxious she was to win . . .



"SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, but I noticed that winter wind and cold had chapped and cracked her lips — spoiled her beauty . . .



"I TOLD HER that I'd heard many famous beauties of the stage and screen mention a special lipstick with a rich, protective Beauty-Cream base . . .



"PEGGY WAS CHOSEN Queen of Beauty . . . and she always insists that it was my advice about this lip-protection that won her the crown!"



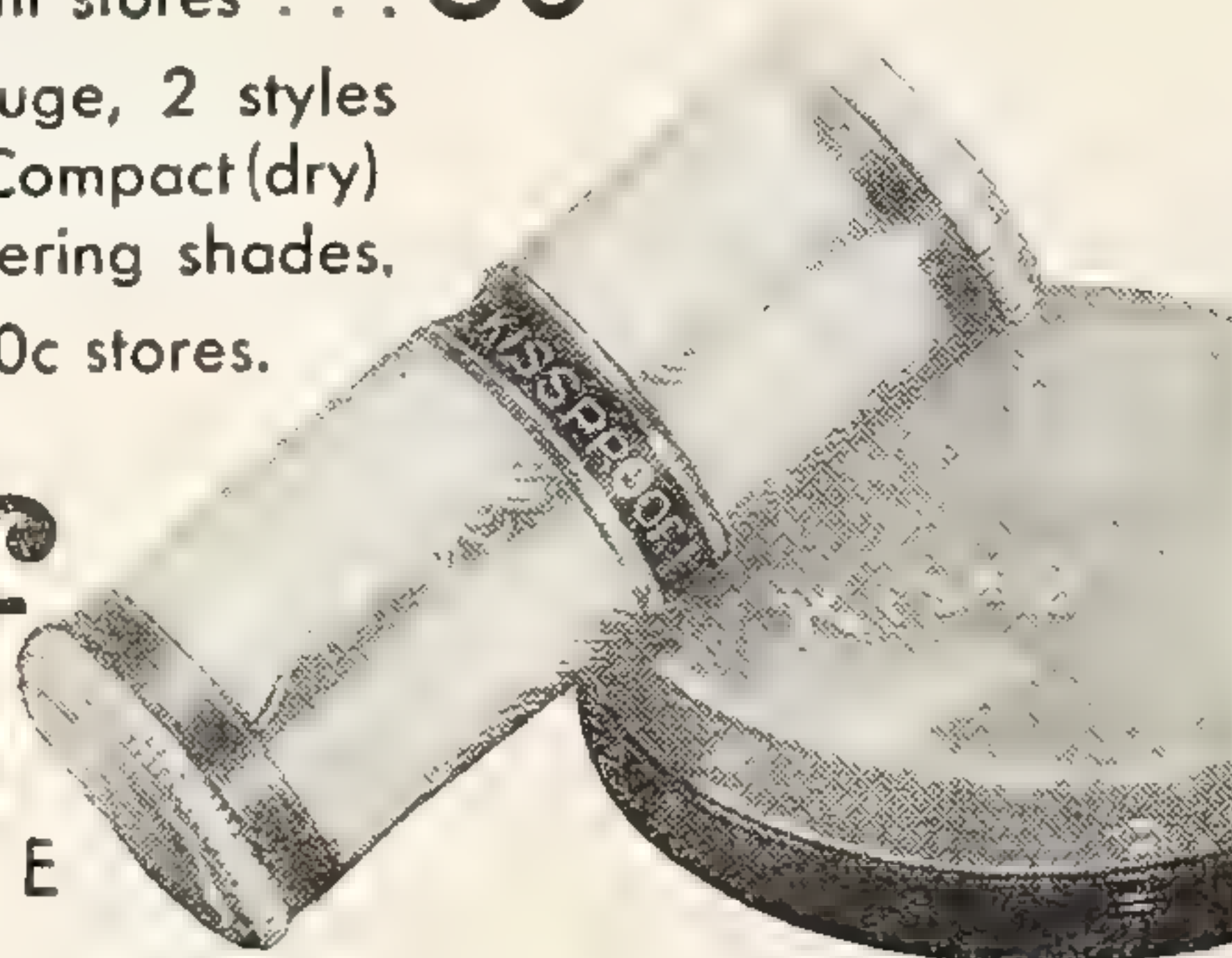
INDEED, I'M GRATEFUL TO HENRY FONDA FOR TELLING ME ABOUT KISSPROOF LIPSTICK. NEVER AGAIN, IN WINTER OR SUMMER, WILL I BE WITHOUT ITS PROTECTIVE BEAUTY CREAM BASE TO KEEP MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY SECRET.

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . 50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry)
Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.
Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



SCENARIO BY HENRY FONDA

the grocer into \$5.67 more credit, then had disappeared. Poor Powell paid the bill and wrote the loss down to "fan experience."

Marlene Dietrich, on a European vacation, had her life endangered in Vienna when a fan, armed with a camera, leaped from a high wall on to the top of her limousine, which was surrounded by admirers. The man's weight broke the top of the car and he went right on through, landing but a few inches from Dietrich, who escaped injury fortunately.

The fan explained that he had been following her automobile on his bicycle, hoping to get some "candid camera" shots. But whenever she came to a halt or slow pace, other fans, also on bicycles, would quickly surround her car, making it impossible for him to get any pictures. When her auto was parked beside the wall for a moment, he conceived the brilliant idea of getting on top of the car, leaning way over the side and photographing the star from a brand new angle! But the whole idea went haywire when Marlene's car top couldn't take it! She, incidentally, refused to bring charges against the man and he was released after being questioned by police on the scene. Just another case of "fan mania."

A fan presented herself at Mary Brian's home and "demanded" to see her film favorite. She had come from the middle west to get into the movies and wanted Mary to let her live with her for a couple of months! Mary wasn't home but her mother was—a more amazed Mrs. Brian you never saw! She explained to the girl that her daughter's home was small and she couldn't possibly take in any strangers for two-month visits anyway! For four successive nights the girl tried to see Mary Brian but without success. After the fourth night she must have given up in disgust for the Brians never heard of her again.

The newest whim of fan admirers may be funny to some, but it's anything but funny to the stars themselves.

Where these fans used to be content with autographs or, at the most, snapshots posed with the stars, they are now demanding kisses! Full-fledged kisses! The idea is believed to have been given impetus by the publicity given to Bob Taylor's osculatory experiences in New York City.

Anyhow, it is now a common occurrence for a feminine fan to throw both arms around the neck of an astonished and embarrassed masculine star and loudly demand a public kiss! Rex Bell, in his exposed spot as front man at his and Clara Bow's "IT" cafe on Vine Street, is a favorite target with the gals. Warner Baxter, Francis Lederer, Tom Keene, Tyrone Power and plenty of others have also been embarrassed in this sad manner.

But the actors aren't the only ones. On coming out of the Brown Derby the other noon, Dolores Del Rio was stopped by a tall young man who suddenly grabbed her hand and held on to it tightly. "I won't let go until you give me permission to kiss your dear hand!" he declared firmly. As a crowd was quickly gathering, the confused Dolores decided the quickest way out of her dilemma was to let this very ardent fan do it, which he did, departing with a low bow! Hereafter, Dolores will keep her hands hidden or something, we bet!

Once in a blue moon they do work—the odd schemes thought up by fans to get something from their favorite star.

Not long ago, John Boles reported to the police that he had been followed all the way home from the studio by a mysterious stranger on a motorcycle. The next part of the story came the next day when

a young man presented himself at the Boles' door, and asked to see his screen favorite, John Boles. The star finally came to the door and listened to his story. It turned out he was Jolly Rallings, son of an official in a Salt Lake City telegraph company. He said he had quit school and had come to Hollywood looking for work in pictures. Not knowing a soul, he had suddenly thought of his screen idol of years, but not knowing any other way of getting hold of Boles' address, he borrowed a motorcycle and followed him home from the studio!

His efforts evidently succeeded well—for he is now John Boles' stand-in at Paramount in "Yellow Nightingale!" A million-to-one chance—that worked!

Well, they sometimes do.

Hollywood Is Heaven For Small Town Folks

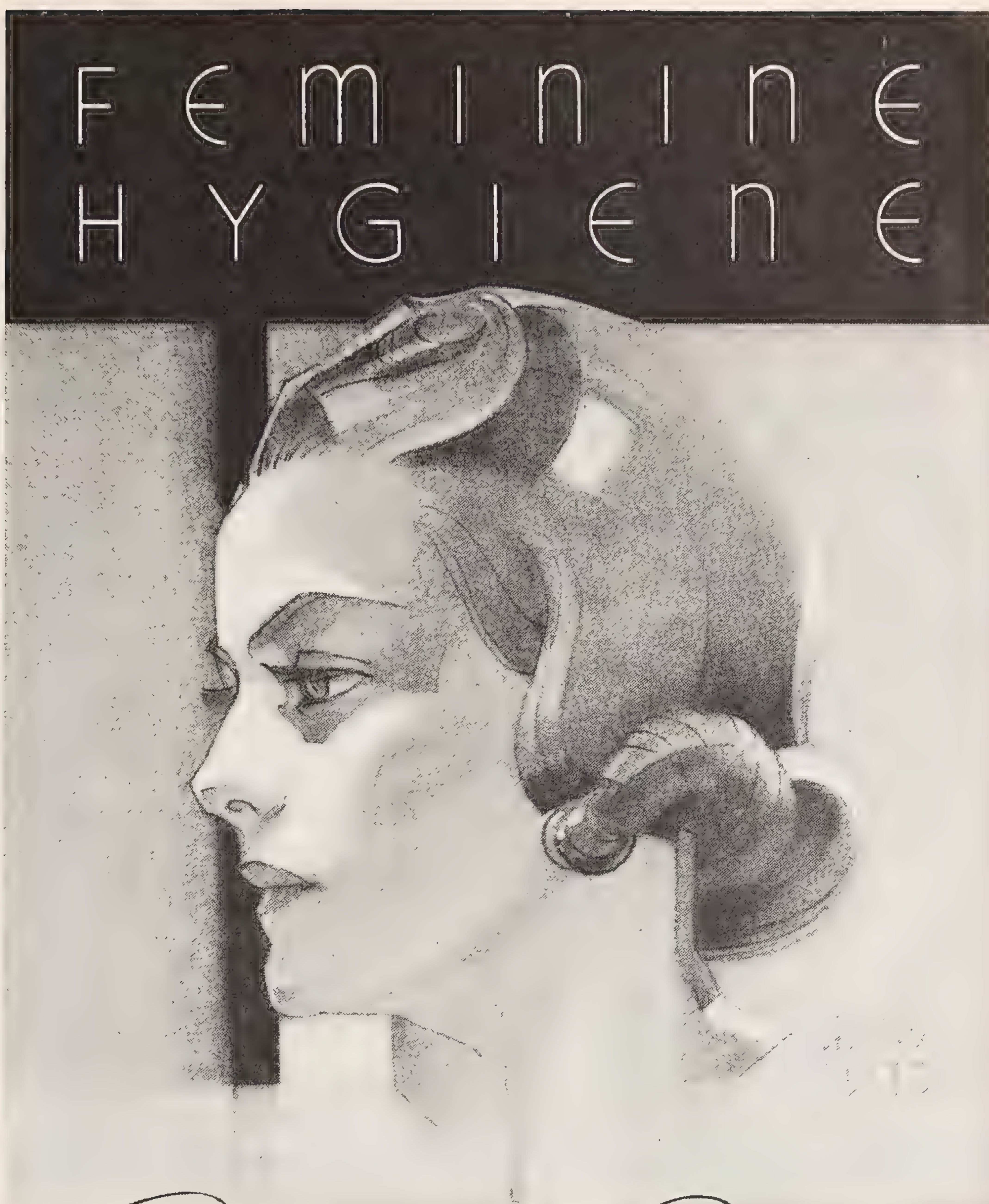
[Continued from page 17]

You could sit down and ridicule these practical jokers, harangue them for wasting their time. But memory recalls scenes at El Morocco, swanky New York supper club, where dignified Wall Streeters crawled behind chairs to apply the "hot foot" to a nationally-known political biggie. (The "hot foot," for those who haven't received it, is achieved by inserting a match in the sole of the victim's shoe and then lighting it. When it burns down to the leather, the shock of the heat will galvanize even a Stepin Fetchit into immediate action.) I have been at the Stork Club, in New York, when famous Detroit auto manufacturers labored for thirty minutes to get one of their important colleagues to sit in the "electric chair," just to hear his frightened yells as the current bit his posterior.

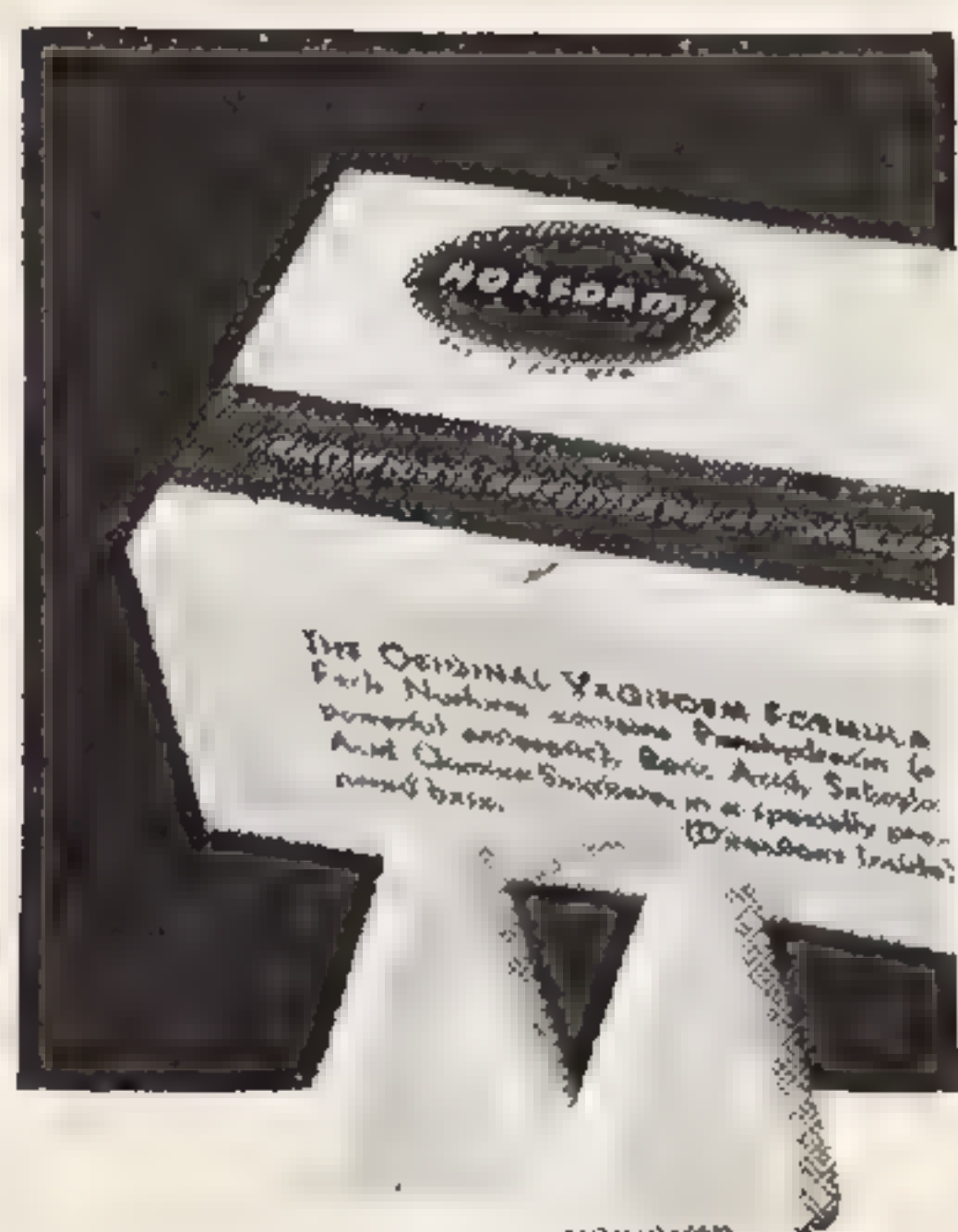
Lambast the stars, then—expose them as morons. Katharine Hepburn, in our interview, told me of the flop shows she had played in, gaily commented on the fact that her first two dramatic appearances lasted a total of four days. She recalled that when she tried to get a role in the Jane Cowl show, "Art and Mrs. Bottle,"



Ronald Reagan and Margaret Lindsay photographed at the Wishing Well, a Los Angeles tourist spot.



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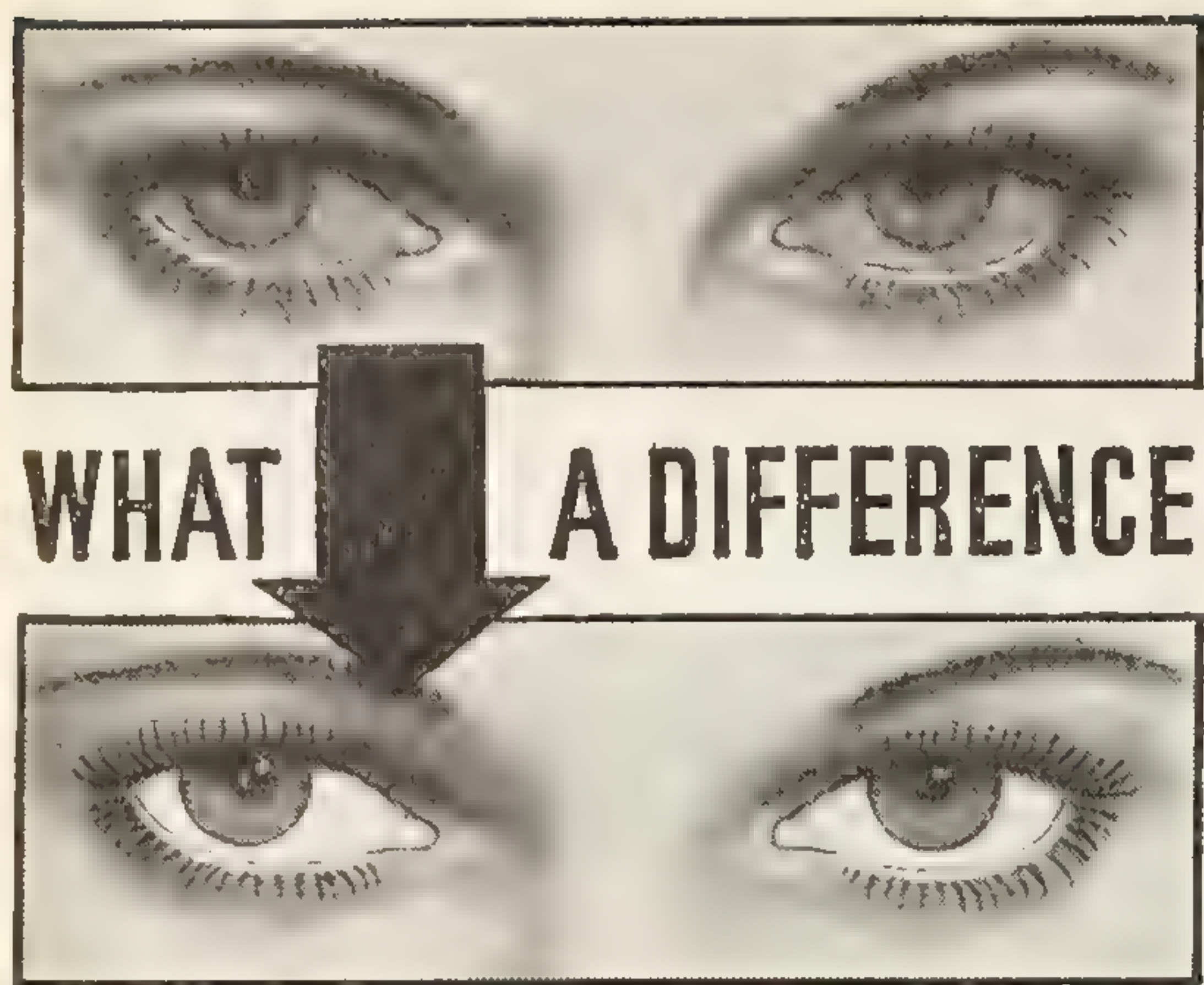


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author Benn Levy told her frankly that she was the ugliest girl he'd ever seen and suited word to action by firing her. The stars I've met, and I've met most, don't take themselves seriously. They work hard, they pay 70 per cent income tax.

The flunkies of the town, the special cops at the studios, the information clerks at the front office desks—these people take themselves seriously, much more seriously than the big shots. Ponderously they cross-examine the caller, inquiring name, address, religious affiliation and any other asinine query that comes to tongue. This third-degree process is the most amazing in the world, but once they can be prevailed upon to relay your name to the person whom you have come to see, and you have passed the portals, you find that the big people of the industry are as plain as an old shoe.

Eddie Mannix, at M.-G.-M., is one of the big powers of the business. I'd heard a lot about him, was anxious to meet him. It developed that he was a big, powerful Irishman, with a raspy voice. His office was cluttered up with Irish shillallahs, gifts of moving picture people who had travelled abroad: "This business is 25 per cent art; 75 per cent racket," said Mannix, frankly. "We make mistakes, plenty of them; so do you, and so does everybody else. We do the thing that seems the best thing to do at the moment and we strike a pretty good average. It's an unusual business, this one; we have to combat temperaments of artists, writers, directors; we have union troubles, we have to work at top speed; try to understand our problems and you will have greater sympathy for our errors."

If you were still carrying a chip on your shoulder, that kind of talk would jar it free, wouldn't it? Rufus Le Maire, Universal executive, shortly after I arrived, did something that struck me as the most courageous gesture any business man ever made to preserve his self-respect. Le Maire had a contract for \$1650 a week and it had 78 weeks to run. For months, the Universal studio had been chafing under the interference of New York bankers. If Le Maire, (who had signed Deanna Durbin) saw some other prospect he thought worthy of a contract, New York stipulated that he must first contact them and secure their permission. In desperation, he pointed out to them that by the time their okay was forthcoming, some other major company would, in all probability, have signed the performer to a contract. New York was adamant; the red tape couldn't be sheared through. Le Maire thereupon tore up his \$1,650 a week contract that had 78 weeks to run and quit. "It's a lot of money," he told me, "but my self-respect is more important to me than the dough."

"Once In a Lifetime" jibed cleverly at Hollywood, but I think that Rufus Le Maire's astounding refusal to compromise with his self-respect wipes the slate clean.

There are not all Mannixes and Zanucks and Le Maires out here in the picture colony, of course. There is a definite proportion of incompetents who are held on pay-rolls because of blood ties, or similar reasons, but the proportion is comparatively small. There are producers here who surround themselves with yes-men, but again the proportion is small. The reason is that this is a business with a daily check-up system. The check-up comes at the box-offices of the theatres of the world daily, and there is no escape from the box-office verdict.

You hear much about the temperamental didoes of Hollywood stars, and no doubt about it that some of them are exasperating individuals, "hams" in the complete sense of the word. But the biggest "hams" out here, the most temperamental of individuals, are a large percentage of the writers assigned here to report Hollywood for newspapers, fan magazines and radio

programs. These are the people who put on the airs, and make life unbearable for the harassed attachés of the studio publicity departments. The wives of some of these correspondents are particularly obnoxious.

They demand that the studios supply them, gratis of course, with studio cars and chauffeurs, they threaten reprisals if they are not invited to parties, they insist that studios almost suspend operations and cater to them when they sweep into a place, they snub each other at every opportunity—in short, they are a disgrace to the craft. One of them, a newspaperman who has had some success on the air with his gossip, wanted to compile a series of film shorts showing the old-time stars in their heydays. He wanted, from Universal, shots of Lon Chaney, Thomas Meighan and some others whose names escape me at the moment. Patiently, Marc Lachmann, Universal publicity chief, explained that Universal could not supply these shots because the law is very strict on this, insisting on a full release from the heirs of the performer.

"I'll get even with your company for this," was the amazing reaction of the newspaperman. "Wait until you preview your next picture." The wife of a Los Angeles film reporter is such a prima-donna that publicity men at the smaller studios fear her arrival as they'd fear a plague of locusts. I was at the Walt Disney studio one day when the publicity man learned she was coming out that afternoon. She wanted a studio reserved for twelve of her friends so that they could see "Snow White." They explained to her that the picture wasn't ready, hadn't been scored for music, hadn't been cut. "My husband wouldn't like to hear that I had been refused admission to your studio," this virago answered. Disney, with \$1,200,000 wrapped up in his picture, took the easiest way out. She and her twelve friends paraded in.

It is mildly ironic that those who write about Hollywood and expose its venial faults are the most grievous offenders. Not all of them, of course, but most of them. To them, the power of the press is a bludgeon to crack down on the skulls of those who dare tell them to act their age. In contrast, the people of Hollywood appear quite sane, quite civilized.

That, at least, is my impression and I arrived with a chip on my shoulder.

THE STAR OF "MAD ABOUT MUSIC" RELAXES



Deanna Durbin gets toggled up for ski jumping—anything to work off her excess happiness.

Girls Must Have "Umph!"

[Continued from page 21]

to say, in her characteristic straight-shooting style: "The principles we were taught as kids don't work in Hollywood. People in this town don't judge you by the qualities we thought were so important—by your kindness, sincerity, modesty. The producers don't give a girl a part because she is nice, is a real lady. She can be the most vicious, double-crossing dame in the world, and they will still beg her to sign on the dotted line if she can sell more tickets at the box-office. You can't be a sweet little angel and get along in this business.

"We women have to fight harder. Take my case. When I first came to Hollywood they took me for another little girl from Broadway. The biggest battle I've had to wage in this town was to make people take me seriously. They told me I was too young and innocent looking to play the available roles. They dressed me up in beautiful costumes and tested hundreds of actors with me, but when the real shooting began, they left me out. For over a year I was the test girl on the lot, and for two years I didn't play anything but 'sisters.' I got my first real break as the cheap, cruel cockney waitress in 'Of Human Bondage.'

"I'll never, never forget my first year in Hollywood! It was HELL. When a girl is new out here, this is the loneliest place in the world. I can't think of a more terrible, selfish and indifferent town for the newcomer than Hollywood. Nobody will help you, nobody tells you what you should and shouldn't do. I had to find my way around by the old method of trial and error. Somebody ought to open an office in Hollywood to advise the new girls; there are so many things they have to be told!"



In "Benefits Forgot," Walter Huston returns to the screen. He portrays a pioneer village preacher.

A conversation with Bette is a delight. There is no better copy in town.

Another fighter, would you believe it, is that perfect wife of the screen, and an enchanting person in real life, Myrna Loy. Myrna tells us: "Girls shouldn't expect any special privileges and consideration in this business. Today the sexes are equal in the economic world. Since we women have accepted this equality, we should be good sports and not demand from men the old-time chivalry. Since they treat us as equals, we should be willing to meet them on equal terms. It's sometimes very hard, I know, women being what they are. But that's the logic of the situation, isn't it?" Myrna fights like a man, or at least she claims she does, for the right parts and the right stories, and you will remember that a few years ago she staged a nice one-person

strike because the studio wouldn't give her the salary she thought she was entitled to, and went to Europe, which gave Luise Rainer her big break in "Escapade." Luise had been waiting for over a year twiddling her thumbs.

It's tougher for the girls in another way. A man can sleep on a park bench, and descend to the lower depths, so to speak, without losing his self-esteem and attracting undue attention. But a girl can't sleep on a park bench, and even if she doesn't have enough money to buy a bag of peanuts, she must dress like a lady, if she expects people to treat her as such. The young impecunious actor with a three-year-old suit can still manage to look well dressed, but a girl has to observe the whims of fashion, as changeable as the wind. No girl could have gone through Henry Fonda's experiences when he was trying to land a job on Broadway. The theatre has its terrors, which men are better able to meet.

One of the wisest actors we know is Brian Aherne, the tall, lean romantic socko of stage and screen, with that poetic attraction that also distinguishes Gary Cooper. The British sophisticate is frequently mistaken for the ex-Montana cowboy, and, as he told us once, highly flattered, for he admires him. Brian knows what he wants from life, and what he is expected to give the world as an artist. We must call a chap like him an artist, in the real meaning of that word, for he is fully aware of the obligations of the artist, and in that sense takes his career seriously.

"As an actor," he tells us, "I hope to reach my peak between 40 and 50. Proper development is the most important factor that determines the final success and standing of an actor. Of course, that is true in all the arts. I like this town, I have always liked motion pictures and I have found extraordinarily nice people in all branches

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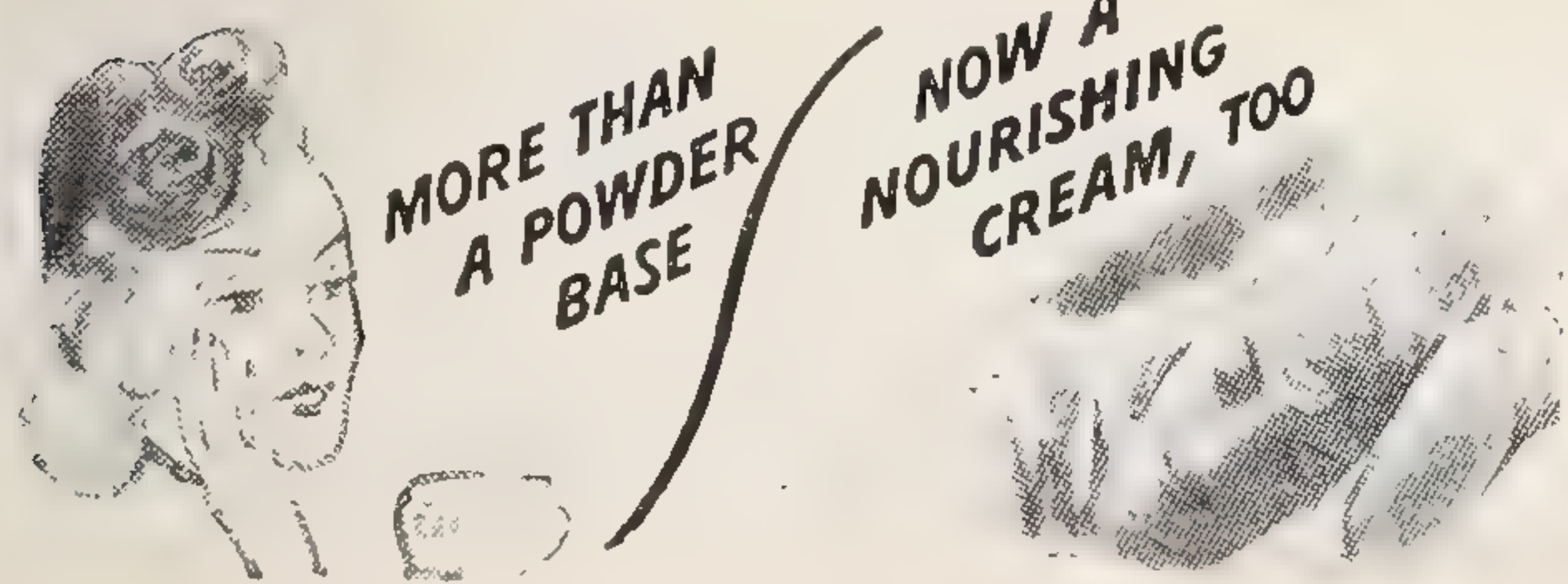
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of this great industry. Yet for ten years I refused to come to Hollywood and be a movie star on the American screen. Producers made me many tempting offers, but I turned them down, because, although I could use the money they offered me very well, I was anxious to lay the proper groundwork for my career and secure a certain degree of permanence as an actor. I don't believe in snatching at immediate profits, nor capitalizing on one's youthful appearance. I am sure that if I had started in Hollywood ten years earlier than I did, my career would have been finished by now.

"You must first live," he asserted as he filled our cup with more tea, "in order to do some real acting. And the quality of your living determines the quality of your acting. Experience in life comes only with the years. Perhaps at 40 or 45 I'll have something to offer the public."

Freddie March, another gentleman who takes acting seriously, told us just before he went to New York to do a stage play with his wife, Florence Eldredge: "I want to make good on the stage. I feel I never had the chance. Not a real chance, anyhow. I was just beginning to make good as an actor, when I was offered a studio contract, and took it. Taking another crack at the stage should help me a lot when I come back to Hollywood. I have decided to make no more than one or two pictures a year, and divide my time between the stage and screen. You last longer this way."

Among the love specialists of the screen Charles Boyer occupies a high position that is peculiarly his own. In mental parts, his acting is forte stuff. In "Conquest" he stole the show from Garbo, a feat no screen lover had accomplished before. His *Napoleon* is one of the memorable performances of all time. He was a star of the Parisian stage when he first came to Hollywood. The talkies were in their infancy then. They made him Jean Harlow's chauffeur in "Red Headed Woman." Discouraged, he returned to France and resumed his brilliant career there. His second trip to Hollywood netted him another painful experience, when he was cast as a Gypsy fiddler in "Caravan," a sappy role. Disgusted, he asked for a release from his new contract and was packing up to move back to Paris, when a chance meeting with Walter Wanger proved the turning point of his inauspicious career in Hollywood. As the French psychiatrist in "Private Worlds" he rose to stardom on the American screen. Acting is a sort of religion with Boyer. When we asked him what is his greatest ambition in life, he said: "I want to perfect my acting." He lives his roles. During the filming of "Conquest" he was Napoleon.

There is a sprinkle of grey at Boyer's temples, which gives the finishing touch to his distinguished manner as a French cosmopolite. He has a compelling magnetism, and the brooding tenderness of his large brown eyes shine with a mature understanding of the human heart.

FOLLOWING THE FAMILY TRADITION



Starting with a name already famous is something! Gloria (sister of Joan) Blondell in "Accidents Will Happen."

And finally the sex angle should not be overlooked. Although the wickedness of Hollywood has been greatly exaggerated, and this is a far more moral town than New York, nevertheless men still rule the show world, hire 'em and fire 'em, which makes it tougher for the girls.

She Likes To Be Bad!

[Continued from page 26]

York for the sole purpose of getting Bette trained for a career on the stage. It had been a long, hard pull. Suddenly, she received an offer to appear in summer stock at the Cape Playhouse, at Dennis, Massachusetts, a well-known training spot for young actors and actresses.

She was terribly excited.

Arriving at the theatre, she reported to the manager. Much to her surprise and chagrin, she discovered it was not the same man who had hired her. It seemed that the theatre had changed hands and the new manager informed her there was no opening!

Bette's heart sank, but she would not give up so easily. After all, this was too important an opportunity for her to pass off lightly.

"But isn't there anything I can do?" she wanted to know. "I'll work back-stage—or just do anything at all, if I can stay."

"Well, we could use an usher," the manager replied.

So, during the entire season, Bette ushered people up and down the aisles of the Cape Playhouse, hoping against hope that a vacancy would turn up in the cast.

It was the very last week that it finally happened. She was given a part in a play with Laura Hope Crews! Determination won out!

Few realize how much Bette's determination has affected her life. It is so easy to look at her enviable position in motion pictures and visualize her life as a bed of nice, fragrant roses. Far from it! And no one is happier today that things did not go smoothly than Bette. To her, it would be awful going through life with everything handed to you "carte blanche."

"I have known people who had everything given them. They had nothing to



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fight for, and, as a result, they were insufferably dull. I reached that stage once myself. Fate had been very kind to me, for I was appearing steadily on Broadway in hit plays. Every dream I had wished for seemed to have come true. Then came a new challenge. I was offered an opportunity to come to Hollywood—and pictures!" She smiled as she recalled the event, and then, with a careless toss of her flowing blonde hair, continued. "I had no special interest in pictures, but I was determined to try my luck at this new field. So I packed my trunk and went to Hollywood. Here was about the first big turning point of my career.

"So with a little cynicism and a little confidence, I landed here. Any thought I might have had of registering an immediate hit in pictures sort of took a nose dive. Months passed and little happened. Then I learned that Universal was not going to take up my option. Before this I hadn't cared too much what happened to me in my new career, but when I learned I was about to be shuffled back to Broadway, I was determined to fight. Days and weeks went by and nothing happened. My hopes and my fighting spirits began to lag. So I thought it was about time I admitted defeat and went back to Broadway. Then came 'The Man Who Played God.' Remember?"

"I certainly do. Fate stepped in once more, didn't she?"

"Fate—and George Arliss. I began to hear rumors that Mr. Arliss wanted me for the leading role in that picture. I couldn't imagine why. But, regardless, the confidence Mr. Arliss had in my work somehow gave me a new desire to reach my goal. I wanted that part so much, but I kept my trunks packed anyway. Then I was called to Warner Brothers, took a test, and was assigned to the role. To this day, I thank Mr. Arliss for my chance. My determination wasn't all it should have been at that time."

Finally Bette happened to mention "Of Human Bondage."

"There's something about that picture that will always give me a great deal of satisfaction," she said. "When I heard that another studio was going to film the story, I was determined to play the part. So, with supreme confidence, I approached my own studio on the matter. They refused, telling me that they had other plans for me, and that they did not like the part. Once more I recognized the fine Italian hand of fate, and once more my determination started hitting on all sixteen. I asked 'Ham' (her husband) what he thought about the role, and he said it would be a great chance for me. That was all I needed. I was going to play that part! I insisted so much, I guess, that my studio began negotiations. Even in the blackest moments I didn't give up hope. Finally, I received the good news that a trade between me and a star from the other studio had been arranged. I was to play the role! I never believed in anything so much as I did that if I were successful in the role, 'Of Human Bondage' would be an important turning point in my career. It turned out to be the most significant change—not for the notices I received, but because it opened up a new field in acting to me, a chance to prove to myself that I could play such a character."

"I should certainly say you succeeded. And from the way you are knocking off the hits now, there's no stopping you."

"Personally," she answered in all sincerity, "I still feel that I have a great deal to learn. I know I'm not tops among the big stars in Hollywood, and, thank goodness, I still have a lot left to fight for. Everytime I do something that is considered good, I always try to find places where I can improve. And I usually find them."

"Don't forget that my last few pictures have given me a better opportunity. Also, I have the feeling that maybe I was trying harder. You know, of course, about my difficulties with the studio—the trial in England and all that. Since my return, they have done everything possible to make things pleasant for me. And there was something in me that had changed, an incentive to exert myself to the utmost."

"What about your next picture, 'Jezebel'?" I asked.

"'Jezebel' is a dream come true," she replied, earnestly. "I have wanted to play the girl in that story ever since I first heard about her. I'm terribly excited about it, too, because it is my first costume picture. I honestly believe the character I am portraying will show me more than anything else I have done what I must accomplish before I can be considered—to myself—a big star. I hope 'Jezebel' will do a lot for me one way or another."

Lunch was over, so Bette and I walked to the still department where she was being photographed in costume for "Jezebel." As she waved goodbye, I knew she was destined for even greater heights. I knew she could never lose in anything, because she has that unconquerable will-to conquer and the determination to overcome every obstacle, no matter how great. To me, it is Bette's courage and her fighting spirit that make her the great actress and the swell person she is.



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ELEANOR FISHER...Paramount Player



★ Here is Eleanor Fisher, charming beauty contest winner, who came to Hollywood to play in Paramount's new picture "True Confession." Among many interesting things Eleanor discovered in Hollywood was that in the studios, in the stars' dressing rooms and in the famous beauty shops...HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are "tops"! That's because Hollywood Curlers make lovely curls that look better and last longer. No springs to pinch, crack or pull the hair. Rubber end holder...a disc, not a ball...permits free air circulation that assures rapid drying. Easy to remove...curler slips off readily without spoiling curls. No springs or weak elastic parts to wear out. For a beautiful hairdress of soft flattering curls...use Hollywood Curlers in your own home tonight. Insist on the genuine Hollywood Curlers.

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Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 12]

June. Nor have I the slightest desire to know any girl who hauls "mama" along on her honeymoon, or who installs "mama" in the flat to which she returns after the honeymoon. So I just proceed to the next set which is "Love on a Budget"—another of the Jones Family serial. Shirley Deane and Russell Gleason have married and returned from their honeymoon. But they have different ideas and Shirley goes home to mama. June Carlson is the kid sister and Jed Prouty is the harassed father. I don't know what went before but June starts up the stairs. One of her high-heeled pumps slips off, and Shirley and Jed look at her, attracted by the noise of her fall. Shirley spots the pump.

"My new pumps!" she shrieks. "What do you mean by wearing my new shoes?"

"I should think you could let your own sister borrow something without having a fit," June retorts defensively.

"Father," Shirley demands turning to Jed, "can't you do something with that child? She took my shoes because she wants high heels—at her age! And," turning back to June and noticing her hair which looks like a gross of blond corkscrews, "look at her hair! It's a fright."

"It is not!" June exclaims indignantly. "It's beautiful. Tommy (Marvin Stephens) said so."

And so it goes. The dialogue is down-to-earth—the sort of squabble that happens in every home every day. There's nothing new in it because I remember the time my younger sister wrote to Beatrice Fairfax to find out how she could get a "glint of red" in her hair and I found the letter and mailed it. But it's heart-warming.

Feeling pretty light-hearted over all this, I leave T-C-F and head for—

Paramount

THERE'S only one picture shooting here, I believe it or no, called "College Swing." It features Burns & Allen, Charles Butterworth (and if I could buy Mr. B for what I think he's worth—but I said that last month, didn't I?), Bob Hope (who is also Paramount's New Hope), John Howard Payne, Edward Everett Horton, Martha Raye and Jackie Coogan.

Luckily for me, there is no particular action to this scene. Mr. Payne is being initiated into the Omicron Sigma Fraternity and has been ordered to sing—in his shorts

—a serenade to Florence George. The song is called "What Did Romeo Say to Juliet?" The scene is the grounds around the President of the college's house and all I can say is, "They certainly do right by the President. When Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie used to go to college for Paramount it was always Midwest but Paramount is sponsoring a new college this year. Well, times change. And so do studios. Let's change to—

R-K-O

THREE pictures going here but one of them, "Hawaii Calls" starring Bobby Breen, is on location. The other two are "Radio City Revels" with an all-star cast, and "Having Wonderful Time" starring Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Doug isn't working today but Ginger and Lee Bowman (a sort of "heavy") are. Ginger and Doug have quarreled and she goes walking with Lee, only to be caught in a downpour. They have to take refuge in Lee's cabin, "Eagle's Nest," across the lake from Ginger's. Prompted by Mr. Hays, no doubt, Ginger is scandalized by Lee's proposal she spend the night in his cabin. What I can't understand is how Mr. Hays ever allowed Lee to make such a proposal. Ginger, in a fit of outrage, stalks from Eagle's Nest to return to the sanctity of her own cabin. But she is driven back by another downpour. She has been trying to drown her sorrow (over her quarrel with Doug) in drink and passes out in Lee's cabin. He "good-naturedly" wraps her in a blanket and tucks her in THE OTHER BUNK. So honor and virtue are saved and Doug and Ginger live happily ever after—we hope.

Despite my jibing and jeering (which are all in fun) this was one of the outstanding hits of New York last year and I am sure it will be equally as successful as a picture.

Now for "Radio City Revels." Hmm. Now, let's see. Our Mr. Jack Oakie was once a famous song-writer. But now he is broke and only his pianist (Milton Berle) sticks with him. He gives mail-order lessons in song-writing but his only pupil is an Arkansas hill-billy (Bob Burns). Bob, in far-off Van Beuren, Ark., gets the idea of going to New York to finish his course. Jack and Berle are over-joyed to see him, thinking they'll get the rest of his tuition in a lump. But, alackaday! When they get Bob into Jack's apartment (which, for a down-and-out song-writer, is *très* luxurious) and Jack broaches the unpleasant subject of MONEY, they discover to their horror that Bob has lost his wallet.

"I might have known this would happen

THE GREATEST OF DETECTIVES PUTS HIS MIND ON A SEX PROBLEM



Warren William, Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce in "Arsene Lupin Returns." Did you know he'd been away?



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to me," Jack moans in utter hopelessness, completely losing interest in the pupil he was so hopped up over but a moment ago.

"Gosh, Mr. Miller," Bob sympathizes, "you look kinda disappointed."

"Disappointed!" Jack yells sarcastically, "If that's all I showed I've been deceiving you!" And with that he turns and exits into the bedroom.

"I guess that's on account of he's a genius," Bob surmises, turning pleasantly to Berle. "You know—sorta happy one minute and sad the next. I'm often that way myself."

"Come on," says Berle, grabbing Bob and starting him for the door.

"I'm sure glad I didn't put all my money into that wallet," Bob philosophizes on the way out. And you can imagine Berle's discomfiture when he learns that.

Let me add in passing that not since the late John Bunny has anything the size of Mr. Oakie been seen in pictures. I have some photos of him taken a scant eight years ago and the difference between Jack as he was then and as he is now is enough to make the angels weep.

And so I reach the last studio for the month—

Warner Brothers

ONLY two pictures going here and one of them, "Robin Hood" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia DeHavilland, is one location.

But the other, "Jezebel," starring Bette Davis and Henry Fonda, is shooting. And what a scene!

Bette is a Southern belle of the antebellum period. But she was always daring. At the debutantes' ball in New Orleans, when everyone else wore white, she wore red. And so they called her Jezebel. Henry was in love with her—until that night. Afterwards he married someone else and went away. Years have passed and he's just come home. He has also just renewed acquaintance with mint juleps and faithful old Uncle Cato.

Suddenly Bette appears in the doorway, and I mean to tell you she is a vision in her white hoopskirt. Caught off guard by her sudden appearance, Henry can only stare.

"Are you remembering the time you wanted me to wear white?" Bette smiles. "Well, I never have until now." She moves toward him and then stops with a sure understanding and delight of the evident effect she has produced on him. "Oh, Pres, what fools we were!"

"Please," he begs, thinking of his wife, "That's over, Julie."

"Yes, of course," she breathes, misunderstanding him. And then, with sudden tenderness, "Pres—I can't believe it's you here. I've dreamed it so long—a lifetime! No! Longer than that."

He doesn't answer. He looks at her beginning to be troubled, and when she takes his hand in both of hers he tries to tell her of his wife. "But, Julie, I—" he begins.

"No!" she interrupts. "Don't say it yet. I put on this white dress—for you—to help me tell you how humbly I ask you to forgive me. See, Pres," suddenly dropping on her knees before him, "I'm kneeling to you!"

"Cut!" calls the director.

Then Bette comes up to say "hello," lighting a cigarette on the way. And that is something new for Southern belles of that period. But then, I've told you, she's a Jezebel. I compliment her on her dress. Bette glances down at it carelessly and grins. "Just the thing for wear in a crowded elevator," she laughs.

Then the director calls for another take and she leaves.

At Columbia one lone Western is shooting. United Artists and Universal are closed down so, until next month, auf wiedersehen.

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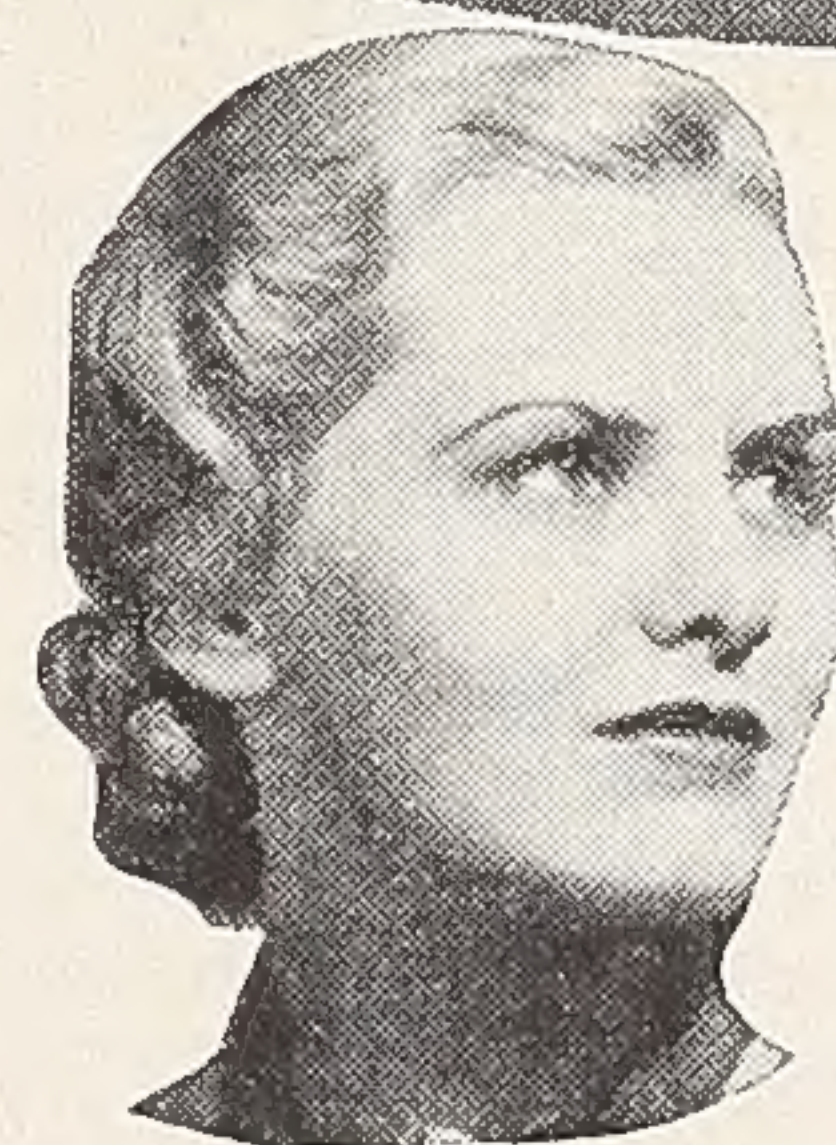
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The Final Thing



Sigrid Gurie

THE people in the audience know that a picture costs a lot of money to make, at least so they read. But putting the money in and getting it out again is the worry of the producers, not the spectators. Recent pictures cost up in the millions. Formerly the facts were reversed. "The Miracle Man," a silent picture, cost \$137,000, and grossed more than \$4,000,000. It made stars of Betty Compson, Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan. How about going back to great stories; advertising for ideas, arranging to find them and paying a fortune for a good one?

Do not dash off a scenario idea in the hope of a generous reward because ideas submitted for picture stories are returned unopened. If you are bursting with a good story, sell it first to some fiction magazine. When it is printed you can send marked copies to the producers and then it will be read.

A MAGAZINE printed in England asks for natural instead of studio back-grounds . . . A magazine published in California, asks for more motion in pictures and less talk . . . All we ask for is better stories . . . Stories that stir the emotions . . . Editors must give producers a pain just back of the collar button.

PICTURES that are made outside the best known studios are called "Quickies" and players you have missed at your regular theatre may be employed in these productions. Actors out of luck, waiting for a lucky break, work where they may. Hollywood is not all glamour.

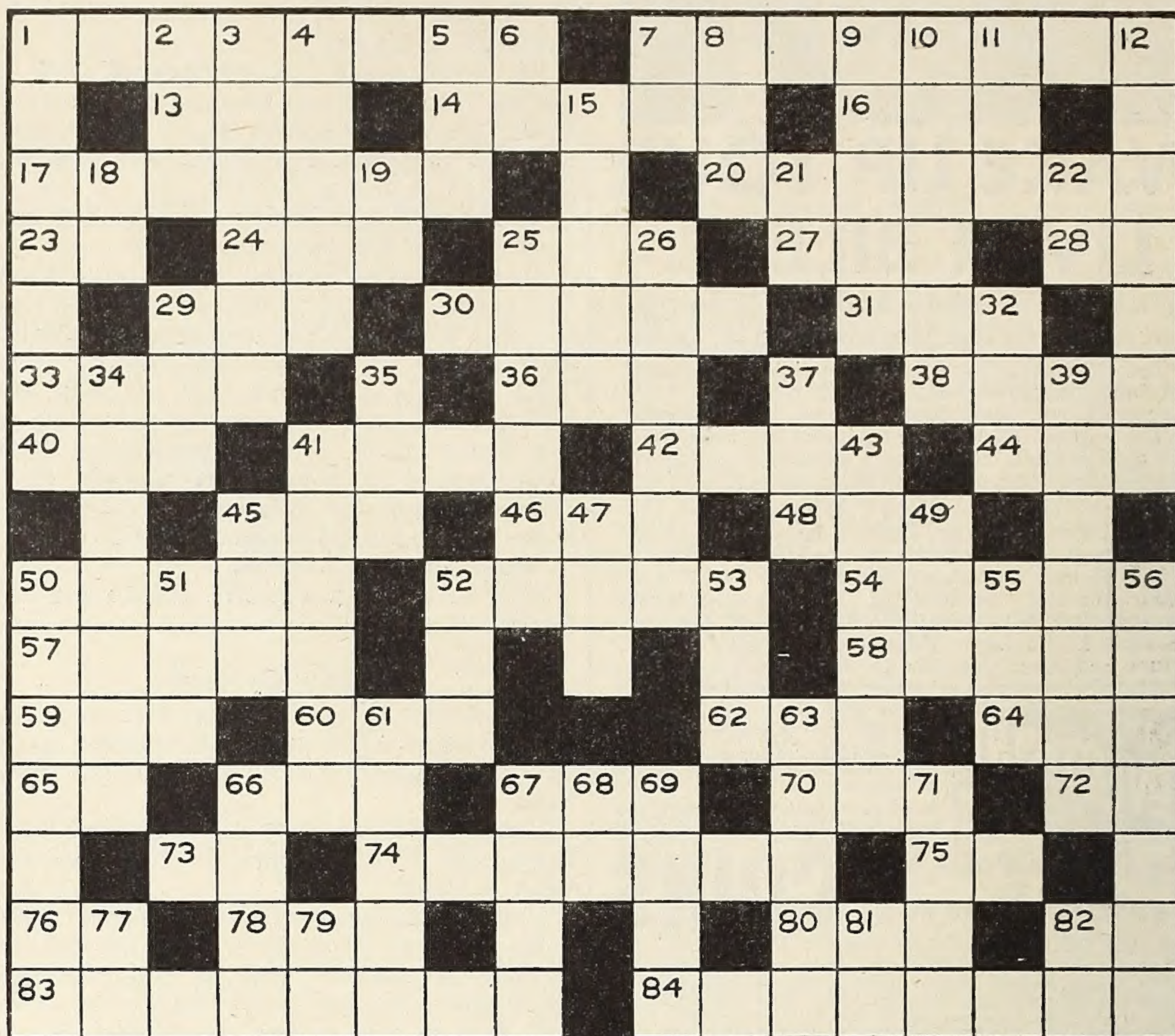
WHEN Gary Cooper gives them a lift, a career is started. Years ago, an unknown girl from the European stage made her first picture in Hollywood. Gary Cooper was her leading man and "Morocco" was the picture. It put Marlene Dietrich up at the top.

A newcomer to us, from Norway, is Sigrid Gurie. She will first be seen in "The Adventures of Marco Polo" and Gary Cooper is the star with whom she plays. He's good luck for pretty girls, and perhaps Sigrid will profit by this fortunate beginning.

Elmer Keen
EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

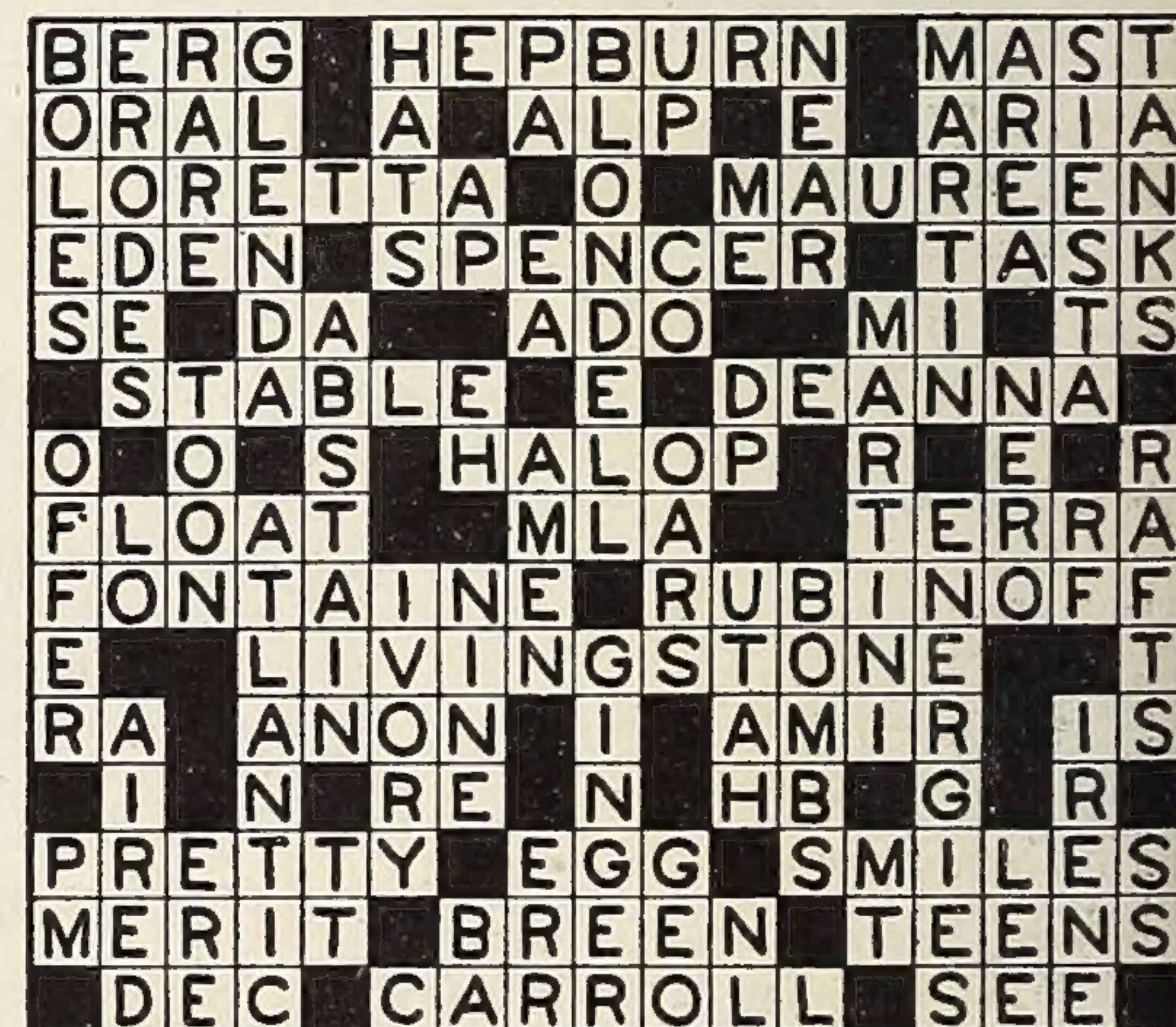
- 1 English singer and dancer
- 7 Foreign actress in "The Last Gangster"
- 13 Before
- 14 In "First Lady"
- 16 The chef in "History Is Made At Night"
- 17-20 The two comedians in "The High Flyers"
- 23 To exist
- 24 Irritate or annoy
- 25 Beverage
- 27 Because
- 28 Morning (abbr.)
- 29 Well-known screen and radio personality
- 30 In "The Bride Wore Red"
- 31 Qualified
- 33 Mohammedan Prince
- 36 A color
- 38 In "Rosalie"
- 40 Sweet potato
- 41 He supplied "Music for Madame"
- 42 A circular band
- 44 Aged
- 45 To marry
- 46 Born
- 48 Medical practitioners (abbr.)
- 50 Wooden instrument for threshing wheat by hand
- 52 Kingly
- 54 Collection of maps
- 57 Prosecuting attorney in "They Won't Forget"
- 58 He was once wed to Ruth Chatterton
- 59 Terminate
- 60 The eye
- 62 A former president's nickname
- 64 Grief
- 65 Prefix
- 66 A comedienne
- 67 Tree
- 70 Fasten with thread
- 72 Right worthy (abbr.)
- 73 Either
- 74 Co-star of "Tovarich"
- 75 Whether
- 76 Exists
- 78 Part of verb "to be"
- 80 Cereal
- 82 Arab (abbr.)
- 83 The love interest in "Hold 'Em, Navy"
- 84 Shirley Temple's grandfather in "Heidi"

DOWN

- 1 Orchestra leader in "Music for Madame"
- 2 Golf mound
- 3 Marcia in "Second Honeymoon"
- 4 In "Fit for a King"
- 5 Conflict
- 6 Stannum (abbr.)
- 7 Holy person (abbr.)
- 8 A game of marbles
- 9 Purposely keeping apart
- 10 She is now appearing in "Lancer Spy"
- 11 Numbers (abbr.)
- 12 Husband of Jeanette MacDonald
- 15 Co-star of "The Awful Truth"

- 18 Masculine pronoun
- 19 Prefix
- 21 Preposition
- 22 Every (abbr.)
- 25 With Loretta Young in "Second Honeymoon"
- 26 The disappointed actress in "Stage Door"
- 29 Indistinct
- 32 Number
- 34 Newspaper Reporter in "Adventurous Blonde"
- 35 Cover
- 37 Conjunction
- 39 One of our great dancing stars
- 41 A famous baritone
- 43 The theatre usherette in "This Way, Please"
- 45 Be victorious
- 47 Self
- 49 Steamer (abbr.)
- 50 Star of "The Buccaneer"
- 51 Assist
- 52 Bone of the body
- 53 Lacquer
- 55 Tommy Gorham in "Hold 'Em, Navy"
- 56 Paul North in "The Last Gangster"
- 61 Speed contests
- 63 In "The Hurricane"
- 66 Mountains in Russia
- 67 Otherwise
- 68 Measure of weight (abbr.)
- 69 To entangle
- 71 Preposition
- 77 Continent (abbr.)
- 79 Small Eastern State (abbr.)
- 81 Comparable to
- 82 American Legion (abbr.)

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Pasadena...

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Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"



New York... Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.

Young Mrs. Rockefeller's time is crowded with hunting, polo, aviation. She pilots a low-wing monoplane...takes frequent hops along the Atlantic seaboard to attend perhaps a meet at Aiken or a Long Island match. "Flying as much as I do," Mrs. Rockefeller says, "takes healthy nerves. So I prefer Camels for steady smoking. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

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